

THE  
HEROES FIVE  
(*PANCHON PIR*)

---

AN ATTEMPT TO COLLECT SOME OF  
THE SONGS OF THE PACHPIRYA  
BALLAD-MONGERS IN THE  
BENARES DIVISION

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TO THE BEST OF FRIENDS AND COLLECTORS

W. Crooke, Esq.

IN MEMORY OF MANY HAPPY DAYS AT MIRZAPORE

BY HIS OLD ASSISTANT AND PUPIL,





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## P R E F A C E

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*A good wine needs no bush* ; and my very few readers will probably prefer to read the story of the "Heroes Five," as sung by their native minstrels, to any puff or rigmarole, with which I could label it. The songs, which I have attempted to collect, are not the bantlings of the closet, and certainly have not come into contact with the midnight lamp to savour of it. To most of them I first listened while nodding over my *hookah* at a blazing camp-fire, or on the verandah of an indigo factory, out and away in the Benares District. Rather than assume a cheap and tawdry scholarship, I have endeavoured to reproduce them in all their uncouthness of metre and grammar, even where these "would have made Quintilian stare and gasp." This is as much as can be expected from a humdrum civilian, whose work lies more with the "human document" than with musty treatises of prosody and grammar. It was my good fortune to serve for some months under Mr. Crooke, whose name has long been a household expression among students of folklore, and whose suggestion and encouragement alone induced me to collect the *disjecta membra* from my note-books. I desire to acknowledge, with the greatest gratitude, the able and untiring assistance which I have received from the following gentlemen :—

- (i) Munshî Bahâ-ud-dîn, Qânûngo.
- (ii) Pañdit Bhân Pratâp Tiwârî.
- (iii) Lâla Sevak Râm, Peshkâr.
- (iv) Lâla Shiûshankar Lâl, Ahlmad.
- (v) Lâla Gayâ Prashâd, Qânûngo.
- (vi) Munshî Shiûpargâsh Sinh, Qânûngo.



PART I.

THE BIRTH OF THE WARRIOR SAINT.



## PART I.

### THE BIRTH OF THE WARRIOR SAINT.

---

THE worship of the “Heroes Five,” which numbers its votaries by the thousands, is perhaps the most interesting in India, because it represents a complete compromise between Islâm and Hinduism, in which the low-caste disciples of either equally participate. It is no portion, however, of my present purpose to discuss the religious aspects of the legend further than is strictly necessary to introduce the story. The “Heroes Five” originally represented the quintette of Saints, revered by Shia Mussulmâns, but degraded into practical idolatry. There are two current theories with respect to the origin of the worship :—

(i.) That low-caste converts to Islâm themselves degraded its purer doctrines into a species of more intelligible idolatry.

(ii.) That the Hindu low-castes, under the influence of terror, deified certain of the earlier Mussulmân conquerors, into whose worship the humbler converts, never wholly emancipated from idolatry, relapsed by an easy passage.

Whichever opinion be correct, the feature of principal interest is undisputed that, even among Hindu disciples, the Mussulmân origin of the worship is never for a moment forgotten. Thus the villagers speak of the quintette as the Mussulmân deities (*Mussulmâni deotâr*), and, without exception, have the ceremonies performed by Mussulmân drummers (*daffâlis*), who constitute a professional and

hereditary priesthood. Of course, it must not be supposed that the original Shia quintette is still worshipped. On the other hand, they have been replaced by local heroes, varying in every district. Ghâzî Miyâî or the Warrior Saint is, however, the centre around which the heroic legend revolves. As a matter of history, he was the son of Sâhû Sâlâr and his wife Mâmal, and the nephew of Mahmûd of Ghaznî, whom he accompanied on his famous invasions of Hindustân. He was killed on the day of his wedding during a popular rising of Hindus at Bahraich, at the age of eighteen, and has ever since been revered under the title of the "Prince of Martyrs" (Sultânu-sh-shuhadâ). The outlines of his history, as chronicled in popular treatises, such as the *Mirât-i-Mas'ûdî*, are observed to this extent that an annual pilgrimage (mednî) departs from all quarters in time to visit Bahraich on Jeth Sudi 6th, in order to commemorate the Hero's marriage with offerings of miniature bedsteads and settles (palang pîrhî), supposed to represent the wedding presents. With this preface, which is no doubt prosy, the exploits of the Warrior Saint and his comrades, as described in the *ballades* here collected, may be allowed to speak for themselves.

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### *BALLADE I.*

Mâmal 'arz kare Rabb se : morî suno bât, kartâr.  
 Bintî karûn us khâwind se, Maulâ, kyâ bidh likhâ  
 lilâr.  
 Daulat dunyâ hai bahutere iskâ nâhîn shumâr.  
 Lekin ek bans binâ merâ bi-l-kull jag andhyâr.  
 Man meñ bintî kare Mâmal ; nit sâhib par lau lâ, î  
 Tûhî mâlik khâliq hai jag kâ ; sab khilqat, Rabb, terî  
 banâ, î.  
 Sabhî âl aulâd dîho, mohe pâpin dîho bisrâ, î.  
 Tarpe hiyâ, jî, a mor luhke, ai sâhib, ham kekar  
 farzand khilâ, î.

Jât kî Bhujâ, in o Dhobâ, in mohî tânâ mâreñ : " Sun, Mâmal, tûhî Rabb ne bâñjh banâ, î.

10. Pahunchât hân, bân mohe mârâ, phaṭî dhartî, chat se jâti, ûñ samâ, î.

Tanik bhar kanî tani ko, î detâ, ai sakhiyâ, main khâ, e zahar marjâ, î.

Hai âgû âgam mor sûnâ, ai Pancho, mohe ab âwe bil khâ, î.

Daulat dunyâ mäl khazâna mere b'ad yih kaun bilse merî kamâ, î.

Jab se ningorî donoñ tânâ mârâ, tab se âwe morî rolâ, î.

Ko, î Saidânî rahî gunî Mâmal ko diya samjhâ, î.

Sun, Mâmal, 'âlim tu itnâ, aisâ jiû dil kyoñ ghabrâ, î.

Morî bachan sun Mayyâ Mâmal, liyo kûñt gathîyâ, î, Rozâ numâz dharo dhyân sab tan man di, o jalâ, î.

Chor di, o soch fîkr sab dil kâ dharo dhyân us khâwind par, jin sab kâ bans chalâ, î.

20. Jih din mihr kare Rabb khâwind, pal meñ Mâmal debi god bharâ, î.

Marzî hu, î pâk parwar kâ, ek din unko sapanâ diyâ dikhâ, î.

Garh Ajmer dher khwâja ke, wahân jâ, o, Mâmal, pâ, o murâd bari, â, î.

### *BALLADE II.*

Dekh khwâb Mayyâ Mâmal dil ko kiyâ bahâl,  
Khâssâ qolâ phânke Mâmal chaltî hu, î nihâl.

Hot bihân sâmân kar Mâmal khâssâ qolâ phanâwe.

Daulat dâm shâm kar Mâmal chhakroñ par laqwâwe.

Manzil, manzil chaltî Mâmal bahutai dân luṭâwe.

Nange ko bastar detî Mâmal bhûkhe khânâ khilâwe.

Jâke utrîñ hujra meñ, wuh Allâh pîr manâwe.

30. Pahunchî pâs khâss hujre ke jhuk jhuk sijdâ nâwe.

Karke şafâ, î jigar jâmâ ko, tab andar ko jâwe.

Chau-mukh bâr dharâ rauze meñ 'îtr-i-gulâb chhir-kâwe ;

Pân phûl sîn batâsâ khâssâ Mâmal chadar rûmâl  
chaṛhâwe.

Khol muhr rakh dîhâ chirâghî sinnî khatam karâwe.

Paṛh darûd hużûr pîr ke, Rabb se khaṛî bakhshâwe.

Mintî karen ḥaren mâlik se, apnâ dard sunâwe.

---

*BALLADE III.*

Hû, â ḥukm Haqq Ta'âlâ kâ, aur dîyâ Pîr farmâ, e :

Zinda Madâr kâ shewâ kar Mâmal shahar Makanpûr  
jâ, e.

Garh Ajmer shahar se Mâmal shahar Makanpûr jâtî.

40. Râsta pûchh kûch kiyâ derâ lekin man men pachhtâtî.

Nâ jâne kyâ likhâ Bidhâtâ merî donoñ âñkh phahâtî.

Kisi şûrat rât din Mâmal jâtî wahâñ nagîch âtî.

Baṛe sawere ḥer lag pahunchî, jâke adab bajâtî ;

Chashmoñ se qadamoñ ko chûmâ, aur apnâ dard  
sunâtî :

Merî ârzû yahi galânî, du' â karo us khâwind se, merî  
kokh khul jâtî :

Anchar khule mile bâlak du' â det ghar jâtî.

Ek bans bin sûn sañs mujhe nâhin kuchh dunyâ  
bhâtî.

Zinda Madâr jagat jag zâhir turant jawâb wahâñ  
pâtî :

Terî ans nâhîn likhâ bañs Mâmal nâ haqq mujhe  
satâtî ;

50. Jise pût Maḥbûb dîyâ nâ, sun, Mâmal ! use kaun  
kare ahwâtî ?

Dîyâ sochâ, e : Jâ, o ghar apne, nâ haqq badan  
jalâtî.

Ga, i phût, tût ga, i qismat, ultâ pachhârâ khâtî ;

Qismat thoñk wahâñ se chalî Mâmal mañ malin kî, e  
jâtî.

Jamun Jatî pîr se  aure, unheñ dekh dard bahu âtî,  
Lîyâ bulâ, e jâ, e Mâmal ko : Tum nâ haqq ho ghab-  
râtî ;

Dîyâ dilâsâ ; sun Mâmal ! Tum nâ haqq kâ ghabrâtî ?

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*BALLADE IV.*

Bilâ khidmat 'azmat nâhîn pâwe, châhe âwe dunyâ  
tahâ, e.

Chillâ bândh dhyân se Mâmal, leo Pîr se jâ, e.

Zinda Madâr jagat jag zâhir, jin se râzî hai Khudâ, e

60. Jo jo gayâ wahâñ sukh pâwâ, tumhu, n leo lau lâ, e.  
Chillâ. kasî khushî se Mâmal, kahâ Pîr se jâke god  
pasârî,

La t chhitkâ, e jâ, e chaukha t par palkan  her buhârî.  
Rantâ baran, badan ko apnâ Mâmal  hân jâ, e kai  
dârâ.

Tîn baras khidmat kiyâ Mâmal sat sukrit nâhîn târâ.

Lagî dard dekh ek din tab bole Pîr pyârâ :

Pa hâ darûd du, 'â kîyâ Rabb se, Ai khâwind, tuhî se ek  
sukhn ham dârâ.

Aisâ ma'lûm hûâ Pîr ko, ab Khâliq  ukm diyâ Sattârâ ;  
Mukh bhar du'â diâ Mâmal ko, Manshâ pûran kiyâ  
tumhârâ.

Jo, bânjin, ho, e tere bans, mujhe de, o dikhâi le, o  
nâr bewârâ.

70. Kiyâ salâm nâm lîyâ Rabb kâ chalî â, i Mâmal apne  
du, ârâ.

## BALLADE V.

Pahunchî gâ, oñ pâ, oñ hû, â bhârî, bit gayâ mâs aþh-wârâ,

Nawwâñ mâs khalâs bha, e, raham kiyâ Kartârâ.

Beþâ hû, â Mâmal ko, shurat Rabb ne âp sañwârâ ;

Bha, e khushîhâlî upajanwâlî, hû, â âgam uñjyârâ.

Yih sun Nonâ Chamârin â, i, nâr chhîn, paisâ bahu pâ, i, du'â det apne ghar jâwe bihase bâram bârâ.

Hansi khûshî 'âlim âweñ, khol kitâb nâm batlâweñ ;  
"Jiweñ Mâmal terâ Gâjan, Pîr dulârâ !"

Naubat bajtî, bihase dhartî, bâje qhol nagârâ.

Hotâ nâch rawâ, ish chhuþtî urne lâgâ ghubbârâ.

Bhañt bhañt hot tamâsâ khânâ baþe mahall bîch khaþsâ ; ko, i ghurabâ nâ phire nirâsâ, 'aþr se bâsâ jitne pîr nirâsâ ;

80. Sohilâ uþhe, lutâweñ paisâ, mangan jhuke, des ke baiþhe pîr du, ârâ.

Aisâ nâm kiyâ Mâmal châron mulk ke bha'e nihâl bhikhârâ.

Kiyâ khiyâl, phanâ liyâ dolâ, beþâ dekhâwan chalî Mâmal Pîr darbârâ ;

Kiyâ singhâr, bâr guhe motî, beþâ le Mâmal bhar godî, diyâ dikhâ, e ; tab jhajke Pîr Madâra :

" Mor kahâ nâ mânî Mâmal, mare tor beþâ jih din jâwe sañwârâ ! "

Ga, i þukrâ, i, jâ, e sharmâ, i, jaise bijlî ko, i mânâ,

Añsû chale lâg Mâmal ko, jaise Rabb barse bârâ.

87. Binâ quşûr Pîr mose rûþhe, phûþâ karam hamârâ !

*BALLADE I.*

Mâmal besought the Lord, saying: "Give ear unto my prayer, Maker of heaven and earth !

Fain would I beseech the Almighty in these words: "Lord, what destiny is inscribed on my forehead ?

Treasure and broad acres have I in plenty—nay, beyond all reckoning ;

But all for lack of one child all the world is darkened to me."

Thus in her heart prayed Mâmal, ever fixing her thoughts upon the Lord :

"Thou art the King and Creator of this world. All creation, Lord, is thine handiwork.

Unto all hast thou granted offspring ; only me, poor sinner, hast thou forgotten !

My heart trembleth and my soul yearneth, Master, whose babe shall I suckle ?

Women, that are but a grain-parcher and a clothes-washer by caste, mock me, saying : List, Mâmal, the Lord hath created thee a barren stock.

10. And as they gird at me 'tis as though they wounded me with an arrow. Would that the earth would rend and I might straightway be buried !

Would some one but give me a pinch of diamond-dust, O handmaiden, I would taste its venom and die.

Before me all the future is blank, ye Judges, now upon me woe doth settle.

Wealth and lands, and goods and treasure, when I am gone, who will enjoy these mine earnings ?

When those two hags girded at me, 'twas from that moment that tears began to flow."

Yet there was a Sayyid's wife, who was prudent, and she reasoned with Mâmal, saying :

“ List, Mâmal, so wise art thou ! then why is thine heart so distraught ?

List unto my words, mother Mâmal ; gird up thy garments in a knot ;

On prayer and fasting fix thou every thought—nay, consume thy very body and soul as it were with fire.

Away with all for which thine heart cares and yearns.

Rivet thy thoughts upon that Lord, who first started the generation of all mankind on its course.

20. What time the Lord thy God shall show thee mercy, in a twinkling, Mâmal, will he fill thy womb.”

The stainless Patron so willed it that one day he vouchsafed unto her a vision, saying :

“ In Ajmer is a shrine of the Prophet ; hie thee thither, Mâmal, and gain thy desire in spite of all.”

---

### BALLADE II.

When mother Mâmal beheld the vision, her heart was comforted ;

And a rare litter Mâmal made ready and set forth right merrily ;

At peep of day Mâmal bade them make ready a rare litter.

All the wealth and treasure of Damascus Mâmal bade them load upon their wains.

From stage to stage, as Mâmal travelled, she made the crowd to scramble for largess ;

On the naked Mâmal bestowed garments, and before the hungry she placed a banquet.

And so she alighted and entered the shrine and called upon the holy man of God :

30. But as she came unto the inmost shrine she beat her head again and again upon the floor in prayer ;  
 And 'twas not till she had cleansed both her heart and her garments that she entered ;  
A four-wickèd lamp she kindled, and in the fane she placed it and sprinkled rose-water around ;  
 Betel and flowers and sweetmeats and the daintiest of comfits Mâmal offered, besides a mantle and a kerchief :  
 Then took she forth a gold-noble and laid it down as lamp-money, and bade them set the seal upon the offering of sweetmeats :  
 A blessing she invoked upon the Saint and stood up to pray unto the Lord ;  
 And with fear at heart she entreated the Master and poured her woes into his ear.

---

*BALLADE III.*

This was the hest of the Lord Almighty, and thus the Saint charged her :

“ To the City of Makanpur hie thee, Mâmal, and do obeisance to the Living Saint ; ”

From Ajmer's embattled city Mâmal journeyed unto the City of Makanpur ;

40. The road she asked as she struck her tent, but full troubled was she in heart :  
 “ I wist not,” she whispered, “ what the Lord hath written in my destiny, for both mine eyelids quiver : ”  
 As best she might, Mâmal wandered on night and day, until she drew nigh unto her goal.

At earliest dawn she came unto the shrine and straightway did honour unto it ;

With her eyes she kissed the Saint's feet, and poured her woes into his ear :

“ This is my longing and this my yearning ; pray for me to the most High, then will my womb be unbound :

Were but my garb unloosed and a child granted unto me, I would hie me home singing prayers of thanksgiving.

All for the lack of a child the whole universe is empty, and even this world giveth me no pleasure.”

The presence of the Living Saint throughout the world is ever manifest, and straightway she received this answer :—

“ On the scroll of thy fate, Mâmal, offspring is not written. 'Tis all for nought that thou dost harry me.

50. The woman unto whom the Loved One hath vouchsafed no child, say, Mâmal ! who shall make her a mother ? ”

And he bade her reflect, saying : “ Away to thy home, for 'tis all for nought that thou consumest thy body as with fire.”

Crushed sank Mâmal ; for her fortunes were shattered, and she fell backwards ;

Then, hardened to brave the worst, Mâmal hied her forth with her heart clouded.

But the nun Jamun hurried from the shrine, and seeing that sorrow was heavy upon her, drew nigh,

And called her to her side, saying : “ 'Tis all for nought that thou art thus sorrowful : ”

And again she solaced her, saying : “ List, Mâmal, all for nought why art thou thus sorrowful ? ”

*BALLADE IV.*

Without abasement thou shalt not attain eminence,  
even though thou traverse the universe :

For forty days do thou fast and meditate, Mâmal, and  
so wring thy desire from the Saint.

Throughout the world doth the Living Saint mani-  
fest himself ; for with him the Lord is pleased :

60. Whoso hath journeyed unto him hath ever won repose.  
Do thou, too, make up thy mind to earn thy hope."

Right gladly gan Mâmal to fast for forty days, and  
unto the Saint she poured out her woes and thrust  
her womb before him ;

And all dishevelled her tresses, flung herself on the  
threshold and swept the shrine with her eyelashes ;

Unkempt and unwashed Mâmal there suffered her  
body to become.

For three years drudged Mâmal, nor put aside her  
devotion,

Till one day the Saint was touched with pity at the  
sight and spake unto her kindly,

And gave her his blessing, and prayed unto the Lord,  
saying : " Master, fain would I crave a word with  
Thee : "

Then it was revealed unto the Saint that even now  
the Creator hath vouchsafed the prayer :

So a goodly blessing he called down on Mâmal, say-  
ing : " Thy longing hath the Lord fulfilled ;

" Yet the child, that, barren as thou art, shall be born  
unto thee, see thou show unto me, ere thou cut the  
navel string."

70. Then Mâmal made obeisance and called upon the  
name of the Lord and came unto her doorstep.

*BALLADE V.*

She came unto her hamlet and her step grew heavy  
and eight moons passed,

And in the ninth moon she was delivered, and upon  
her the Maker of heaven and earth had mercy,

And a man-child was born unto Mâmal, and the Lord  
fashioned his face after his own image :

Then was there all the gladness of a birthday, and  
the future dawned sunbright ;

When Nona, the cobbler's wife, heard the tidings, she  
hurried in and filched away the navel-string. A  
goodly fee she won, and as with prayers of thanks-  
giving she set forth to her home, again and again  
she broke into laughter ;

With a merry smirk came the sages, and, unfolding the  
writ, thus declared the child's name : " Long life,  
Mâmal, to thy Warrior Saint beloved ! "

Then music pealed and fireworks burst and balloons  
gan fly ;

Divers were the pageants, dainty viands were dis-  
pensed in the courtyard of the palace. Not a beggar  
turned away dejected. Nay, the most dejected of  
friars was fragrant with rose-water.

80. Loud rang the nuptial hymns. They flung largess  
for the crowd to scramble. Down after it dashed the  
beggars. All the sages of the realm sat at the portals.

Such a name did Mâmal win by her largess that in  
all four quarters of the realm the beggars exulted.

On a sudden she bethought her. Then she bade them  
make ready a litter ; and Mâmal hied her forth to  
show her son unto the Saint of the shrine.

All her jewels she donned. Even on her tresses she strung pearls. Thus did Mâmal take her son into her lap and hold him up. Then the Saint cried in wrath :—

“Scant heed hast thou paid to my hest, Mâmal. Therefore shall thy son perish on the day whereon he shall be decked for the wedding !”

Thus was she spurned from the threshold. She crept away in shame, even as one smitten by a thunder-bolt.

Mâmal’s tears gan course, even as the Lord maketh the rain to fall.

87. “For no crime,” she sobbed, “is the Saint wroth against me. Blasted is all my destiny !”

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PART II.

THE DEMON PALIHAR.



## PART II.

### THE DEMON PALIHÂR.

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THE demon Palihâr is the merry-andrew of the legends of the "Heroes Five." The scheme of his story is of course merely a popular reproduction of the Ramayana, from which some of the characters, such as Madodari and Mahirawan, are bodily pilfered. Upon this is grotesquely engrafted a tradition of the Prophet, utilized for the device by which the demon is captured. Nothing can better illustrate the scrap-book character of popular religion than the inscription by which (l. 235) the minstrel describes himself as inspired by the Hindu Goddess of Learning to sing the praises of Muslim heroes. In this connection I may remark that the trident (*sâng*) carried by these heroes has been plagiarised from the three-pronged sceptre (*tîrsîl*) of Siva, in accordance with a fixed policy to assimilate whatever is too popular to be displaced. The peg, by the way, by which the minstrel has hooked on the whole episode, is not apparent from the poem. It must be supposed that Sâhû Sâlâr, brother-in-law of Mahmûd of Ghaznî, and father of the Warrior Saint, in digging the foundations of a watch-house, has unearthed the demon Kauryâ Deo, in terror of whom the courtiers are all afraid to accept the office of High Bailiff. The remainder of the story is plain-sailing, and the text presents little difficulty, though a capital play upon words between the verb *badhnâ*=to slaughter, and the substantive *badhnâ*=a liquor-cup, cannot be reproduced in English, except perhaps by some variant of the frivolous expression "to go to pot" (l. 1. 153, 212).

THE BIRTH OF PALIHÂR.  
(TEXT.)

Nadî kinâre, Sompat grâm,  
Wahân kî Brahman kâ Anûpâ nâm.  
Nit uṭh Anûpâ samundar nahâ, e,  
Ancharâ kholke sûraj manâ, e,  
Wuhî meñ Marchâ dânu kâ rath chale â, e,  
Marchâ dânu ke bij se Anûpâ kâ garabh rahjâ, e  
Pahil mahînâ ke bândhâ tîr ;  
Dûsar mahînâ uṭhe ûdham sarîr ;  
Tîsar mahînâ, wuh mahînâ gardân ;

10. Chauthâ mahînâ châr-pakhaurî sâmân ;  
Pâñchweñ mahînâ panch-chihlâ nahâ, e ;  
Chhatteñ mahînâ chha-chihlâ karâ, e ;  
Satweñ mâs satwâñsa ho, e ;  
Aṭhweñ mâs janme nâhîn ko, î ;  
Janabû kare, to jî, e nâhîn ko, î ;  
Jî, abû kare, to khair nâhîn ho, e ;  
Nawweñ mâs nau-nandan ho, e ;  
Dasweñ janm Palihâr kî ho, e ;  
Janme Palihâr Bahmania ke khokh,

20. Dunyâ meñ un bha, e anokh :  
“ Rishî Jashî donoñ pañdit bulâ, o,  
Yih lañkâ kî sâ, at batâ, o ! ”  
Kholin poṭhî Bed Purân  
Pahil nâm Purgahnâ dharân :  
Dûsar nâm Chhattrî Palihâr :  
Tîsar nâm Nirmal Sardâr :  
“ Khâ, eñ murghâ, dârû pilâ, o ! ”  
Tab jag bore Bahman kâ nâ, o :  
“ Na, î cherû, î, na, î pare, î mangâ, o ;

30. Nâr bewâr Palihâr ke kasâ, o ;  
Leke phenkho samundar ke khor,  
Jahân unchî bahut ganghor ! ”

Chi, untî ke kâte bâlak uṭhâ ro, e.

“ Tar bahe more, ûpar ghâm bahut ho, e.”

Gaṛh Lankâ kî Rânî Madodar chalî samundar nahâ, e.  
Sone kî katorî phûlel sakhî sab kare baṭwâ, î.

Sakhî das âge, sakhî das pâchhe, sakhî das lihan ko-hanî lagâ, e :

Hâth meñ lotyâ, kandhe par dhotyâ, Mûngyâ laundî ke lihan bulâ, e.

Jâ, e ke pahunche samundar kinâr,

40. Jahân ro, at bâ, e larkâ ûghâr ;

“ Mungyâ ! Mungyâ ! ” kahî guharâ, e,

“ Kekar laṛkâ ro, at bâ, e ? ”

Tab Mungyâ pahunchî hai jâ, e.

Laṛkâ se kahat bâ, e guharâ, e :

“ Ki tû bhutwâ, ki parbatwâ, ki dâ, in ho, e, bhachho muñh ? ”

“ Nâ maiñ bhutwâ, nâ parbatwâ, nâ dâ, in ho, e, bhachho tufîh ! ”

“ Main to Marchâ dânu kâ pût,

Khâ, ûñ murghâ, pî, ûñ dârû bahut.”

Mungyâ laundî Rânî lag â, e

50. Rânî se Mungyâ kahî samjhâ, î.

Tab Madodar pahunchî hai jâ, e

Cherû, î kandhe par liyâ uṭhâ, e.

Rânî Madodar Lañkâ meñ le â, î ;

Rânî Madodar dihâ dâkâ piṭwâ, î :

“ Jekar laṛkâ, lejâ uṭhâ, e ! ”

Jab kehû nâhîn kahe ki laṛkâ herâyal bâ, e.

Tab Rânî Madodar dihâ nâr chinhwâ, î ;

Rânî Madodar baiṭhî hai saurî meñ jâ, e.

“ Shewâ karab maiñ chit lâ, e.”

60. Pânc baras shewâ meñ bîtî jâ, e ;

Chhatwân baras jab pahunchâ â, e

Tab Palihâr apan kalâ dihâ dikhâ, e.

Tab chha mahînâ murghâ dârû khâ, e.

64. Aur chha mahînâ nînd usko â, e.

## THE BIRTH OF PALIHÂR.

## (TRANSLATION.)

On a river's bank stands the hamlet of Sompat ;  
And there dwelt a Brahman damsels, whose name was  
Anûpâ,

Day by day would Anûpâ bathe in the ocean,  
And lay aside her veil, as she worshipped the sun ;  
At such a moment passed the chariot of the demon  
Marchâ—

Enough ! by the seed of the demon Marchâ, Anûpâ  
was left big with child.

The first month soon is past.

In the second month, the trouble 'gins rise in the body :  
The third month—well, that month comes and goes ;

10. In the fourth month, they say : " She is four months  
gone ; "

In the fifth month, she observed the five months'  
bathing ;

And in the sixth month, the six months' bathing ;

In the seventh month, a seven months' child may see  
the light ;

In the eighth month no child is born ;

Or, if born, he never liveth ;

Or, if he live, bodeth good to none ;

In the ninth month, a nine-month's child may see the  
light,

But 'twas in the tenth month that Palihâr was born ;

True, it is that Palihâr was born of a Brahman  
maiden's womb,

20. Yet throughout the world he was fated to be a por-  
tent.

" Call me up," cried the mother, " the two sages Rishî  
and Jashî,

Cast me the horoscope of this child."

So they unfolded the volumes of their Vedas and  
Purânas :

The first name, which they gave, was Purgahnâ ;  
 The second name was the Warrior Palihâr ;  
 The third name was the Stainless Chief—

“ I want a cock to eat,” yelled the child, “ and give me a drink of grog ! ”

In that one moment he trampled to earth his name of Brahman :

“ Bring me,” cried the mother, “ a new pot and a new cover ;

30. Tie me up this Palihâr with navel-string and all.

Take him and fling him into a cavern of the ocean,  
 where the whirlpool is deepest ! ”

An ant bit the child. Then he awoke and cried :

“ Why, water is gushing beneath me and the sun is beating on my head ! ”

Madodar, Queen of Lafikâ’s fort, was wending her way to the sea shore to bathe,

And from golden phials all her handmaidens were scattering perfume,

Ten handmaidens before, ten handmaidens behind,  
 ten handmaidens at her elbow to support her.

In her hand an ewer, over her shoulder a coif, she called the damsel Mungyâ :

So she came unto the sea shore,

40. Even where the child was crying deserted.

“ Mungyâ ! Mungyâ ! ” she called aloud :

“ Whose child is crying ? ”

Then Mungyâ hied her thither,

And unto the child she called aloud :

“ Art thou an ogre, or a mountain, or some hobgoblin that would devour me ? ”

“ No ogre I,” laughed the child, “ nor mountain, nor hobgoblin that would devour thee ; ”

I am but the son of the demon Marchâ,

And I would like a cock to eat and a good drink of grog ! ”

The damsel Mungyâ came unto the queen,

50. And unto the queen Mungyâ told her tale,  
 And straightway Madodar hied her thither,  
 And took up the pot upon her shoulder ;  
 Even into Lañkâ Queen Madodar carried it.  
 There did Queen Madodar bid them proclaim by  
 beat of drum :  
 " Whoso is the mother of this child, let her take him  
 away ! "

When none answered : " My child is lost,"  
 Then Queen Madodar bade them even ask if none  
 knew the navel-string for her own ;  
 At last Queen Madodar sat her down in her birth-  
 chamber, saying :—  
 " Verily, I will cherish this child with all my heart ! "

60. So five years fled as she cherished the child,  
 But none the less when the sixth year came,  
 Then Palihâr 'gan shew his native tricks,  
 For six months he would gorge on cocks and grog,  
 64. And then for six months he would fall asleep.

## PALIHÂR'S CAPTURE.

## BALLADE I.

Sâhû Sâlâr kahî ek bât : “ Merâ aisâ ko, î nahîn, Kauria ko mât girâwe ? ”

Battîs pân kâ bîrâ lagâ, e, majlis ke bîch rakhâwe.

“ Hai ko, î jawân pân ko khâwe, Kauria ko mât girâwe ? ”

Jo ko, î mât Kauria deo ko, Garh Gâjan kî de, üñ Kotwâlî ! ûkâ manşab bahut bařhâwe.”

Bhale bhale jawân baīthe majlis meñ, lâge nažar chhipâwe,

Nâm sunâ Kauria deo kâ, ek ek uth jâwe.

Gharî pahar dû, e gayâ bît, ko, î nähîn bîrâ uthâwe.

Sâhû Sâlâr dil kare soch, tab bahut man pachhtâwe.

Pařhke kitâb maktab-khâne se Miyân Gâjan âwe :

10. “ Main tumse pûchhûñ, he bâbâ, tû kâ man meñ pachhtâwe ? ”

“ Abhî, Bâlâ, ho larke, pařhne par dhyân lagâwe.”

Miyân haṭâ pařhte :—“ Bâbâ, ham ko zarra batâwe.”

“ Beṭâ, merâ aisâ ko, î nahîn, Kauria deo ko mât girâwe.

“ Jo ko, î mât Kauria deo ko, Garh Gâjan kî de, üñ Kotwâlî ! ûkâ manşab bahut bařhâwe.”

Itnî bât sunâ Bâlâ, bahut man pachhtâwe.

Khol kitab dekhe Bâlâ, tab bahut gyân daurâwe.

“ Sât samundar pâr hai Nirmal, use pakar ko, î lâwe,

“ Wuhî jâ mât Kauria deo ko, wuhî Kotwâlî pâwe.”

Battîs pân kâ bîrâ lagâ, e, majlis ke bîch rakhâwe.

20. “ Hai ko, î jawân pân ko châbe, Garh Lañkâ ko jâwe ? ”

Bhale bhale jawân baiṭhe majlis meñ, lâge nazar chhipâwe.

Nâm sunâ Gaṛh Lañkâ kâ, sab ke mukh par zardî chhâwe.

Ghaṛî pahar dû, e gayâ bit :—“ Bhâ, î, ko, î nahîn bîrâ uṭhâwe ? ”

The majlis bhaine 'Ajab Sâlâr, un jâ, e bîrâ uṭhâwe.

Khâyâ pân, ân kiyâ salâm :—“ Mâmû, ham Lañkâ ko jâwe.”

Miyân Gâjan uṭhe bol :—“ Bhâ, î, abhî 'Ajab, ho larke ! tum is khiyâl meñ mat âwe.”

### *BALLADE II.*

Haikal ghoṛî ko 'Ajab mangâ, e, sone kî zîn kaswâwe,  
Sone kî zîn bânî Haikal kî, dumchî par lâl jaṛâwe.

Kulâh tâj sir par dete, kamar se tegh lagâwe.

30. Hû, e aswâr Haikal ûpar, mâmû ke sîs ho âwe.

Miyân Gâjan uṭhe bol :—“ Bhâ, î, abhî, 'Ajab, ho larke ! tum Lañkâ ko jâwe ? ”

Jab tum jâ, iyo Gaṛh Lañkâ ko, bahut deo chaṛhe  
âwe,

Ek ek deo zîna ke bândhke, choṭî sarag lagâwe ;

Ko, î thanak, ko, î garjat âwe, Miyân, lîl tohe jâwe.”

“ Majlis ke bîch maiñ ne khâyâ pân ; marne se nâhîn  
darâwe ! ”

“ Yehî sir de, ûñî Lañkâ ke bîch, kî pakâr deo ke lâwe.”

Itnî bât sunâ Bâlâ ne, Birahnâ ke turant bulwâe.

Sayyid Birahnâ ân kiyâ salâm :—“ Mohe kâ, Bâlâ, far-  
mâwe ? ”

“ Bhâ, î, 'Ajab jâte Gaṛh Lañkâ ko, unke sâth tum jâwe.”

40. Itnî bât sun Sayyid Birahnâ loh langar kamar lagâ we.

Kât kâ soñtâ dhar kandhe par, sang 'Ajab ke jâwe.

## BALLADE III.

Sone kâ sâng letâ, 'Ajab jyoñ bijlî taçapte jâwe.

Miyân Gâjan uthé hain bol :—“ Bhâ, î, 'Ajab, jâte Gañh  
Lañkâ ke sâhib milâwe,

“ To hogâ didâr ! ” Hû, e aswâr Haikal ûpar, mâmû ke  
sîs ho âwe.

Phir hû, e aswâr Haikal ûpar, Lañkâ meñ sîs lagâwe.

Rât dinâ in kiyâ kûch, chal samundar kinâre jâwe.

Lañkâ kî chaukî baiñhâ deo, apnâ makân banâwe.

Jâkar sâng in diyâ gâr, tab dhamak sîs par jâwe.

Dil bhîtar deo kare fîkr, tab bahut gyân daurâwe :

50. “ Kahân ke walî â, e, gârâ sâng, dhamak sîs par âwe ? ”

“ Bhîtar se bâhar hotâ â, e dekh kharâ ho, e jâwe ! ”

Loñ poñ Brahman hotâ mâthe meñ tilak lagâwe,

Kândh jane, û, hâth luñyâ, chhal 'Ajab lagâwe.

“ Maiñ tum se pûchhûñ, he şâlib, ab tû kahwân se âwe ? ”

“ Derâ hamârâ Gañh Gâjan, ham Lañkâ dekhne ke  
âwe.”

“ Sone kâ Lañkâ banâ, joñ ki tumhârî nañzâr na âwe,

“ Nâhîn, thoñ sî lakrî le, o mangâ, e, use de, o na phuñk  
o tabhî nañzâr par jâwe.”

Itnî bât sun Sayyid Birahnâ çarh ke pahâr par jâwe

Charhe pahâr jab Sayyid Birahnâ, bahut deo charhe  
âwe.

60. Ek ek deo zîne ke bândhke choñî sarag lagâwe.

Ko, î ñthankat, ko, î garjat âwe ; dhar ke lîl tohe jâwe !

Châroñ ñtaraf se liyâ gher, bîch Sayyid Birahnâ ho, e  
jâwe.

Chhûte bân aur golâ, ho, e andhyârî âwe.

Hukm diyâ soñte ke tâ, iñ, de, oñ ke mât girâwe.

Ko, î langrâ, ko, î lûñjâ hotâ, ko, î ñthanaktâ âwe :

“ Apne soñte ko lo, nâ boliye ! ” Thoñî lakrî farmâwe.

Yih to deo zîne ke bândhke lâge peñ hilâwe,

Ek ek peñ dharâ kandhe par, chal 'Ajab lag âwe.

*BALLADE IV.*

Lakṛî mangâ, e 'Ajab baṛâ aṛâr lagâwe.

70. Shukr bhej Haqq Ta'alâ ke :—“ Rabb ! âg kahân ham pâwe ? ”

A, e ke qâzî diyâ phuñk ; wâkî lapak asmân meñ jâwe.  
Jalte âg Lafikâ dekh, 'Ajab khûshî ho' e jâwe.

Tab shukr bhej Haqq Ta 'alâ ke :—“ Rabb ! nâ, o kahân ham pâwe ? ”

Brahman hu, e uṭhâ bol :—“ Tum aise walî pâk mardân kâ der nâ, o ke lâwe ? ”

“ Nâhîn, tumh're agârû maiñ jâ, ûñ so, e, merî pîth chaṛh ke tum jâwe.”

Loṭ poṭ deo gayâ so, e, Lañkâ meñ sîs lagâwe,

Jahwân baiṭhe bhaine 'Ajab Sâlâr, uhawân pair jamâwe.

'Ajab Sâlâr ne kahî ek bât :—“ Bhâ, î Sayyid Birahnâ inkî pîth chaṛh jâwe.”

Sayyid Birahnâ uṭhe bol :—“ Abhî, 'Ajab, ho larke tum is khiyâl mat âwe.

80. “ Tumh're agârû yih thâ Brahman, aur lauṭ deo ho,e! jâwe.

“ Jab tum charhiho inkî pîth, khâ, e karwaṭ, tumheñ bîch dhâr meñ զubâ, e,”

Mârâ soñṭâ Sayyid Birahnâ ; deo bhâg kar jâwe.

“ Kishtî úpar aswâr hû, e, khâ, e pher, dugânâ jâwe.”

“ Tum hameñ charhâ, e leo,” kahâ, “ he, ham Lañkâ dekhan jâwe.”

“ Merî kharî jamâ, aṭ Makke ke bîch, merî waqt numâz kî âwe.

“ Tum aise walî pâk mardân kyâ der nâ, o ke lâwe ? ”

“ Nâhîn, khelo shikâr dumbe ke, jâ, e uskî kishtî banwâwe.”

Itnî bât sun, Sayyid Birahnâ chaṛh ke pahâr par jâwe,  
Khelâ shikâr dumbe kâ, jâ, e uskî kishtî banwâwe.

90. Nikâl kar ânt, net nâ, o pahunchâ, e, kûrmâ joñ lagâ, e,  
Bi-smi-llâh kar paṛhâ durûd : “ Tâ, in nosh kar khâwe ! ”

Dumbe kî kishtî liyâ banâ, e, daryâ, o bîch lâ, e  
daurâwe,

Pahile chaṛhâwe Haikal ghorî ke, jab 'Ajab ke chaṛh  
âwe,

Pichhle chaṛhte Sayyid Birahnâ——Merâ Maulâ pâr  
lagâwe !

Sayyid Birahnâ khewan lâge, phir utar pâr ho, e  
jâwe !

### BALLADE V.

Sât samundar utre hain pâr, shukr bhej Haqq Ta'alâ  
ke : " Rabb ! tûhe pâr lagâwe."

Tab wažû karke, azan detc, Lañkâ kâmp sab jâwe.

" Tum baithe raho, bhaine 'Ajab Sâlâr, ham Lañkâ  
ke sair kare âwe."

Jamunî Kalwârin baithî dûkân par, Nirmal ke dârû  
chalâwe.

Bâbâ Birahnâ uṭhe bol : " Bhâ, î, thoṛâ sharâb ham  
pâwe."

100. " Lañkâ kâ bâdshâh hai Nirmal, ham uskî dârû  
chalâwe."

Sone ka takâ diyâ Sayyid Birahnâ, Jamunî khûshî  
ho, e jâwe.

Kitte lotâ aur maṭkî shîshî meñi ân jhukâwe.

Battîs bhaṭtî le bhartî, tabahû nâ bharjâwe.

Thârhî Kalwârin sir patke : " Miyân, kaisî shishî  
lâwe !

" Sune jo pâwe Nirmal Palihâr, moke jiyat bhâr  
jhukâwe."

Usmeñi kâ shai lihâ nikâl, aur apne pâs lagâwe.

Bâbâ Birahnâ uṭhe bol : " Bhâ, î, apnâ sharâb le  
jâwe."

Itnî bât sunâ Jamunâ ne, bahut khûshî ho, e jâwe.

Tab 'Ajab Sâlâr ke lihâ sâth aur Lañkâ ke ghât par  
âwe.

110. Nikli panihârin Lañkâ kî, sab pânî bharan ke âwe,  
Sone kâ gharâ lihe sir ûpar o geñrûrî yoñhiñ banâwe ;

Dekhâ sūrat 'Ajab Sâlâr kâ, panihârin khûshî ho, e jâwe.

"Main tum se pûchhûñ, he şâhib, ân tû kahwân se âwe?"

"Dehrâ hamârâ hai Gañh Gâjan, ham Lañkâ dekhan âwe."

"Tum jâ kahiye Nirmal Palihâr se, tumheñ 'Ajab milan ke âwe."

Itnî bât sunâ panihârin, bahut ghuşşa man khâwe.

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*BALLADE VI.*

"Sattar gaz kâ hai Nirmal, tere kaise hâth samâwe?"

Ghât ke ûpar khañî panihârin, gharilâ borç, sir pa uthâwe,

Sir ke ûpar dharâ wuh gharilâ, Lañkâ kî râh tâkâwe.

120. Itnî bât sun Sayyid Birahnâ bahut ghuşşa man khâwe  
Khiñch golâ mârâ Sayyid Birahnâ, ghañâ chûr chû!  
uñ jâwe.

Bîme kî hasulî pahine panihârin ro, at Lañke ko jâwe.

Jahwâñ baiñhî Mâyâ Madodarî, tâhwân yih chal âwe.

Ro, e ro, e bât kahâ panihârin: "Mose kahâ na jâwe!"

"Dû, e Turkâ kahwân se â, e, pânî ghât par dhûm machâwe."

"Jâ, o, jawâb deo Turkâ ke, nâhîn tumh're mañhall meñ âwe."

"Kai ghore, kai hain aswâr, pânî ghât par dhûm machâwe?"

"Ek ghoñî, do hain aswâr, tor chheñke battîs du, ârî."

Itnâ bât sun Mâyâ Madodarî, jâ, e Nirmal ke jagâwe.

130. Sotâ Nirmal uthâ jâg o bahut ghuşşa man khâwe.

"Jo nâhîn hotî tu mâtâ hamârî, tumheñ mât ham dâlat!"

"Kahwân aisî bât parî, mâtâ, mo ke so, at Nirmal jagâwe?"

"Dû, e Turkâ kahwân se â, e: panî ghât par dhûm machâwe."

“ Jâ, o, jawâb deo Turkâ ke, nâhîn tumh’re mahall  
meñ âwe.”

“ Tab kai ghoře, kai hain aswâr, mâtâ, kitte paidal  
âwe ? ”

“ Ek ghoři, do haiñ aswâr, Lañkâ meñ dhûm mach-  
âwe.”

Itnî bât sunâ Nirmal o bahut ghuſſa man khâwe ;  
Ghuſſa khâ, e niklâ koṭhři se, cholañgâ chîr mangâwe,  
Cholañgâ pahin, charnâ kâchhe, mahe akhâre chale  
âwe.

140. Yâd kiyâ şâhib ke tâ, in ; mattî se dñd lagâwe.  
Wahwân se chaltâ, Nirmal chârh parbat par jâwe ;  
Ek lât mârâ pahâr ke, châr tûk kar dâle.  
Ek hâth se liyâ uthâ, e o chakkar khûb ghumâwe.  
Jahwân baiṭhe bhaine 'Ajab Sâlâr, wahwân pahâr  
jhukâwe.  
Pahâr âwat dekhe Sayyid Birahnâ, şâhib par man  
lâwe.  
Kalime kî unglî se lihâ rok aur wahîn pahâr thahrâwe.  
Pîchhe ho, e kar dekhe Nirmal, wuh donoñ bachkar  
jâwe.

“ Aisâ pahâr main ne mârâ, inheñ şâhib âp bachâwe ? ”  
Sayyid Birahnâ uthe bol : “ Bhâ, iyo, 'Ajab kuchh  
lâwe.”

150. Itnî bât sunâ Nirmal aur phir parbat par jâwe.  
Phenkhâ loh langar Sayyid Birahnâ, gale bîch aṭkâwe ;  
Dete ragaṛ gare par, aur sijdâ sîs ho, e âwe,  
“ Tumh’rî şiffat sun ham chale â, e ; tû badhne par  
man lâwe ? ”  
Loṭ poṭ bhaurâ hotâ badhne par gunj machâwe.  
Toñtî kî râh paiṭhe Nirmal, tab turant rûmâl oṛhâwe.

### BALLADE VII.

Nirmal Palihâr nažar nâhîn â, e ; Lañkâ ke log bhâg  
sab jâwe.

Tab Nirmal muñdâ badhne meñ aur khabar Madodar  
pâwe.

Kâlî koṭ kâ kâjar mangâ, e, ânkhoñ ke bîch lagâwe ;  
Señdur kâ ɖibbâ lihâ mangâ, e, motîn se mânî  
guhâwe ;

160. Sât khân in lâl mangâ, e ; achchhâ thaṭ samwâwe.  
Lekar milan chalî 'Ajab ke, le qadamoñ par dharâwe.  
“ Garh Lañkâ kî kar ʈhakurâ, î, betâ, de Nirmal ! ham  
jâwe.”  
“ Garh Gâjan meñ baithe mere mâmû, bare pyâr se  
mângé.  
“ Yih Nirmal ke khâṭir, bûrhiyâ, main ne sât samun-  
dar lânghe.”

Itnî bât sunâ Mâyâ Madodarî, kah kar chet chitâwe :  
“ Khât rahe magahî ɖholi pân, Garh Lañkâ kî kî tha-  
kurâ, î.  
“ Jângî jawâni thâkî tumh'rî, Nirmal, bhûlî ga, î cha-  
turâ, î !  
“ Kâ, miṭtî kâ badhnâ, kahiyo, use tor na dâle ?  
“ Jab se pakrâ Sayyid Birahnâ, merî mom deh ho, e  
jâ, e.

170. Itnî bât sunâ Mâyâ Madodarî, chale Mahirâwan â, e ;  
“ Payyâñ tumh're lâgûñ, he dewarwâ, Nirmal ke jâ, e  
chuṛâ, e.  
“ Sampat ho, e to har ko, î bâñte, bipat nâ bâñte ko, î.  
“ Bârah baras kâ terâ bhatîja, pakar Turk le jâ, e.”

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### BALLADE VIII.

“ Payyâñ tumh're lâgûñ, he dewarwâ, Nirmal ke jâ, e  
chuṛâ, e,  
“ Râwan kâ bhâ, î Mahirâwan kahâwe, uskâ betâ Har-  
bansâ kahâwe.”

Hukm diyâ deoñ ke tâ, in, jiyat Turk nâhîn jâwe.  
Dal bâdal se chaṛhâ Mahirâwan, chal 'Ajab lag jâwe.  
Châroñ ʈaraf se liyâ gher, bîch Sayyid Birahnâ ho, e  
jâwe.

Chhûte bân aur golâ, ho, e andhyârî âwe.

180. Yâd kiyâ Bâlâ ke tâ, in, sir sâng ghumâwe.

Jawan deo ke lâge sâng, wuh dû, e tûk ho, e jâwe.

Phenkhâ loh langar Sayyid Birahnâ, das bîs mâre girâwe ;

Uttar se dakkhin dekhe, lothan khalihân lagâwe ;

Pûrab se pachhim dekhe, lohû kî nadî chalâwe ;

Bhâge deo aur Mahirâwan ; ko, i pâs nâhîn âwe.

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### BALLADE IX.

'Ajab Sâlâr ne kahî ek bât : "Bhâ, i Sayyid Birahnâ turant nâ, o le âwe."

Pahile charhâwe Haikal ghorî ke, tab 'Ajab ke charhâwe,

Pichhle charhte Sayyid Birahnâ——Merâ Maulâ pâr lagâwe !

Sayyid Birahnâ khewan lâge, phir bîch dhâr meñ âwe.

190. Tab 'Ajab Sâlâr kahî ek bât : "Bhâ, i Sayyid Birahnâ, dekho, badhne meñ hai Nirmal, ki bhâg Lañkâ ko jâwe."

Khol badhnâ diyâ Sayyid Birahnâ, Nirmal nikal ke âwe.

Sattar gaz kâ hai Nirmal, chotî sarag lagâwe !

Jab uttar se dakkhin dekhe, lothan khalihân lagâwe :

Pûrab se pachhim dekhe, lohû kî nadî chalâwe.

Man meñ soche Nirmal Palihâr : "Merâ Lañkâ garad milâwe !"

Ek pâ, oñ se nâ, o ñabâwe, âgû chalan na pâwe.

'Ajab Sâlâr ne kahî ek bât : "Bhâ, i, kyoñ tû nâ, o ñabâwe ?"

"Jab se pakriyo, he şâhib, hamko na kuchh khilâwe."

Sayyid Birahnâ uthâ bol : "Kâ, Nirmal tû khâwe ?"

200. "Battîs bhañtî mad pîte, ham bakri bîs lagâwe.

"Jiû morâ suddh kab hotâ ? châlis ser chanâ chabâwe."

Tukrâ rotî dhar kishtî par le——"Nirmal, tû khâwe !"

Hañske bole Nirmal Palihâr : "Kâ khoñahrâ bîch lagâwe ?"

“ B-ismi-llâh kah khâ, Nirmal, terâ shikam pur ho, e jâwe.”

Battîs bhattî kî rahî shai, wuhân piyâle meñi dhârî.

Hañske bole Nirmal Palihâr : “ Kâ, hoñth bîch lap-  
tâwe ? ”

“ B-ismi-llâh kah pî, Nirmal, aur khûb nashâ ho, e jâwe.”

B-ismi-llâh kah piyâ Nirmal, khûb magan ho, e jâwe,  
Tab kûd parâ samundar ke bhîtar, ghoñta khûb lagâwe.

210. Bândhe lûñg kûde Sayyid Birahnâ, bâl hâth meñi âwe,  
Dete ragâr gare par sijdâ sis ho, e âwe.

“ Hurmat châho, he Nirmal, tû phir badhne par jâwe.”  
Loñ poñ hotâ bhawarâ badhne par gunj machâwe ;  
Toñtî kî râh paithe Nirmal, tab turant rûmâl oñhâwe.

Sayyid Birahnâ khewan lâge, phir utar pâr ho, e jâwe.

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### BALLADE X.

Sât samundar utre hain pâr, shukr bhej Haqq Ta’alâ  
ke : “ Rabb ! tûhî pâr lagâwe ! ”

Lagî kachahrî Bâlâ kî, o wahîñ ’Ajab chale âwe.

Bâ, eñ adab se khañe hû, e, mâmû ke sis nawâwe :

Kare kornish, kahî bât : “ Ko, i badhnâ jâ, e le âwe ? ”

220. Sattar Sâlâr, bahattar Bahlîm, in jâ lapte ; badhnâ  
jumbish nâhîn khâwe.

Miyân Gâjan uñhe bol : “ Bhâ, i Sayyid Birahnâ, tum  
jâ badhnâ le âwe.”

Khol badhnâ diyâ Sayyid Birahnâ, Nirmal nikal kar  
âwe,

Sattar gaz kâ khañâ Nirmal, chotî sarag lagâwe.

Bâ, eñ adab se khañâ hû, â, sijdâ sis nawâwe ;

Kare kornish, in kahî bât : “ Miyân, bîrâ ek ham  
pâwe ? ”

Miyân Gâjan ȳhokâ pîtâ : “ Jâ, tâ, in Kotwâlî pâwe ! ”  
 Karke salâm chalâ Nirmal o chal thâne par jâwe.  
 Nirmal âwat dekhe Kaurya deo bahut ghusâ man khâwe.

Yâd kiyâ Bâlâ ke tâ, in, maṭṭî se ȳañd lagâwe.  
 230. Tâl thoñk hone lagî, kushtî dau pech chalâwe.  
 Tîn pahar laṛte bîtâ, ko, i tale nâhîn âwe.  
 Mâre do pushtak, Nirmal Kaurya ke tale girâwe ;  
 Chaṛhe baiṭhâ chhâtî ke ûpar, ghûsan kai mâr chalâwe ;  
 Tâng pakaṛke haiñch lihâ o jân nikal kar jâwe,

*Inscription :*

Ustâd Bikânû, til til sumiran mâtâ Sârdâ, gyân batâwe ;  
 Betâ Tâj kâ gâwe Mânu-llâh, dhyân dhanî par lâwe :  
 237. Pahile main sumirûñ apne gurû ke, tab baiṭhe akhâre jâwe.

PALIHAR'S CAPTURE.

*BALLADE I.*

Then outspake Sâhû Sâlâr : “ Have I no henchman  
 that will overthrow the demon Kauriâ ? ”

Of thirty-two betel-leaves he prepared a packet, and  
 bade them place it in the midst of his assembly  
 for a challenge.

“ Is there a warrior,” he cried, “ that will taste this leaf,  
 and pledge himself to overthrow the demon Kauriâ ? ”

“ Whoso shall overcome the demon Kauriâ, him will  
 I make High Bailiff in Ghaznî, and greatly will I  
 increase his dignity.”

Warriors, stout and true, sat in that assembly ; but  
 they 'gan avert their glances.

Scarce heard they the name of the demon Kauriâ,  
 than, one by one, they rose and departed.

Of the day two watches passed, yet none had taken up the betel-leaf.

Then Sâhû Sâlâr mused in his heart, and his mind was sore distressed,

When, straight from spelling out his book, came the Warrior Saint from school.

10. "I ask thee, father," quoth he, "why art thou vexed in spirit?"

"Still art thou but a child," Sâhû made answer: "give thy thoughts to thy spelling."

The Warrior Saint stepped back with his eyes on his book——"Prithee, father, tell me!"

"My son," spake Sâhû, "no henchman have I that will overthrow Kauriâ.

"Whoso shall overthrow the demon Kauriâ, him will I make High Bailiff in Ghaznî, and greatly will I increase his dignity."

Hearing these words, the master was sore vexed in spirit,

He opened the holy writ, and gazed upon it, and pondered deeply.

"Beyond the oceans seven," so ran the oracle, "dwell-eth one Nirmal. If he be brought a captive,

"He it is that shall slay the demon Kauriâ; he it is that shall be High Bailiff."

Of thirty-two betel-leaves he prepared a packet, and bade them place it in the midst of the assembly;

20. "Is there a warrior," he cried, "that will taste this leaf, and pledge himself to journey to Lañkâ's Fort?"

Warriors, stout and true, sat in that assembly; but they 'gan avert their glances.

Scarce heard they the name of Lañkâ's Fort, than pallor 'gan overspread the brow of each.

Of the day two watches passed—"Heigho," sighed the Warrior, "will none take up the leaf?"

In that assembly was his sister's son 'Ajab Sâlâr. He hied him and took up the leaf.

The leaf he tasted, and came forward with an obeisance, saying: "Uncle, I will journey to Lâñkâ."

Then the Warrior Saint arose and spake:—"Go to, 'Ajab, thou art still but a child. Give up this idle thought."

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*BALLADE II.*

Then 'Ajab called for the mare Haikal, and had a golden saddle girded upon her;

A golden saddle was wrought for Haikal, and her crupper he had studded with rubies;

A peaked bonnet with a diadem he set upon his head, and round his waist he girded a sword.

30. He mounted upon Haikal and approached his uncle; The Warrior Saint arose and spake:—"Nay, 'Ajab, still art thou but a child. Wilt thou journey to Lañkâ?"

"What time thou drawest nigh to Lañkâ's Fort, many a demon will assail thee,

"Each demon such that he could make a ladder, and rest its top against the heavens.

"Some will come with a clatter and some with a roar as of thunder. Oho, my gallant, they will gobble thee up."

"In the midst of the assembly," 'Ajab made answer, "I tasted the leaf, scare me not with fears of death!"

"This head will I lose in Lañkâ, or drag the demon hither."

Scarce heard the master these words, than straightway he summoned Birahnâ ;

Sayyid Birahnâ appeared, and made obeisance, saying :—“ What is my master’s bidding ?”

“ ’Ajab forsooth,” quoth the Warrior, “ would journey to Lañkâ’s Fort. Do thou attend him ?”

40. Upon this word Sayyid Birahnâ girded his iron chain about his loins :

A wooden bludgeon, he cast over his shoulder, and so attended ’Ajab.

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*BALLADE III.*

A golden trident in his hand, ’Ajab moved flashing as the thunderbolt,

Then the Warrior Saint arose, saying :—“ What ho, ’Ajab ! if, after thy journey to Lañkâ’s Fort, thou shalt bring its lord before me,

“ Then only will I look on thy face again !” Mounting upon Haikal, ’Ajab made obeisance to his uncle, And, still on Haikal’s back, he set his face towards Lañkâ.

Night and day they marched, until they came to the brink of the ocean,

On guard over Lañkâ sat a demon, who was building his house.

Then Birahnâ advanced and dug in the trident, and the pang throbbed through the head of the demon.

In his heart the demon mused, and pondered deeply :

50. “ Whence hail these princes, that have dug in a trident, till the pang throbbed through my head ?”

"Come forth from within," cried Birahnâ, "and gaze upon us, and confront us."

Straightway the demon took the form of a Brahman, and placed a caste-mark on his forehead, And with a hallowed thread over his shoulder, and a brass pot in his hand, did he deceive 'Ajab.

"I would ask you, fair sirs," spake the demon, "now whence are you come?"

"Our homestead," Birahnâ made answer, "is in Ghaznî's Fort: we come to see Lañkâ."

"Of gold," quoth the demon, "is Lañkâ wrought, whereon your eyes shall never light,

"Save only if ye send for a handful of wood and set it ablaze, then shall ye behold it."

Upon these words, Sayyid Birahnâ scaled a mountain, And, when he scaled the mountain, many a demon assailed him,

60. Each demon such that he could make a ladder, and rest its top against the heavens.

Some came with a clatter and some with a roar as of thunder. Look, 'Ajab ! they will gobble thee up.

On every side they formed a ring, in the midst stood Sayyid Birahnâ.

As shaft and sling-stone were loosed, the air was darkened.

Then he bade his bludgeon strike down the demons.

Some he lamed of foot; some he maimed of hand; some slunk up, crying :—

"Put up thy bludgeon. Hold,—enough." A handful of fire-wood was his bidding,

And all the demons, like one long ladder, 'gan shaking trees,

And each cast a tree over his shoulder and carried it to 'Ajab.

*BALLADE IV.*

So 'Ajab called for fire-wood, and heaped him up a goodly pile,

o. Then sent he up a prayer to the Almighty, saying :—  
“ Lord ! whence shall I get me fire ? ”

Straightway the Fire-god kindled it, and the blaze rose up to heaven.

In the flare 'Ajab saw Lañkâ, and his heart was glad ;

Then sent he up a prayer to the Almighty, saying :—  
“ Lord ! whence shall I get me a boat ? ”

In the form of a Brahman rose the demon and spake :—  
“ Saints so hallowed as ye, prithee, why should ye wait till a boat is brought ? ”

“ Nay, in front of you will I lay me down and ye shall mount upon my back.”

Straightway the demon fell prostrate and set his face towards Lañkâ,

And where little 'Ajab Sâlâr was seated, there he drew up his legs.

Then outspake 'Ajab Sâlâr : “ Ho, Sayyid Birahnâ, mount upon his back.”

But Sayyid Birahnâ arose and spake :—“ Still, 'Ajab, art thou but a child. Give up this idle thought.

8o. ‘ Before thine eyes, erewhile was he a Brahman, and now he hath returned to his demon form.

“When thou shalt mount upon his back, with one heave upon his side, he will drown thee in mid-stream.”

With his bludgeon Sayyid Birahnâ smote the demon, and he fled.

“Take us on board,” hailed Birahnâ to a passing boat; fetch a compass, and then retrace your course;”

“Ferry us over,” he spake, “ahoy there, we fain would see Lañkâ.”

“In the heart of Mecca,” hailed back the helmsman, our stainless throng of worshippers stands waiting. My hour for prayer hath come.

“Saints so hallowed as ye, say, why should ye wait till a boat is brought.

“Nay, rather hunt ye the wild-goat, and from its bones fashion a boat.”

Upon this word Sayyid Birahnâ scaled a mountain, And he hunted the wild-goat, and from its bones he fashioned a boat.

90. By taking out its inwards, he lent it the shape of a boat, and of its flesh he dressed a repast. Then, giving thanks in the name of the Lord, he spake: “Eat and drink.”

So he fashioned a boat from a wild-goat and launched it in mid-sea:

First, he embarked the mare Haikal, then he embarked 'Ajab.

Last of all Sayyid Birahnâ embarked—May God speed his passage!

Sayyid Birahnâ 'gan ply the oar, and soon they landed on the further strand.

*BALLADE V.*

The seven oceans traversed, they landed and sent up a prayer of thanksgiving to the Almighty, saying :—“ Lord ! thou hast brought us to our goal.”

Then they washed their hands, and gave out the call to prayer, so that all Lañkâ trembled.

“ Stay seated here, little 'Ajab Sâlâr,” quoth Father Birahnâ, “ I will stroll through Lañkâ and return.

Jamunî, the Inn-keeper’s wife, sat at her booth, straining liquor for Nirmal.

Father Birahnâ uprose and spake :—“ Come, let me have a little wine.”

100. “ The King of Lañkâ,” Jamunî made answer, “ is Nirmal, and his liquor am I straining.”

A golden doit Sayyid Birahnâ gave her ; then was Jamunî glad of heart.

Full many a ewer of brass and clay did she pour into his phial !

Thirty-two vats she poured into it, and even then it would not fill.

The Inn-keeper’s wife stood beating her brow, and crying :—“ Good, sir, what phial is this that thou hast brought ?

“ If Nirmal Palihâr hear of it, all my life will he keep me parching grain at a furnace ! ”

Of the contents Father Birahnâ extracted the essence and kept it with him.

Then he arose and spake :—“ Come, take away thy wine.”

These words heard Jamunî, and her heart was exceeding glad.

Then took he 'Ajab Sâlâr with him and came unto the water-stairs of Lañkâ.

110. All the damsels of Lañkâ had come forth to draw water,

Carrying golden ewers upon their heads, and were just plaiting their head-pads.

When the damsels beheld the mien of 'Ajab Sâlâr, their hearts were gladdened.

"I ask ye, fair sirs," each cried, " whence come ye ? "

"Our homestead," 'Ajab made answer, " is in Ghaznî's Fort ; we come to see Lañkâ.

"Go, tell Nirmal Palihâr that 'Ajab hath come to embrace him."

So much the damsels heard, and they waxed exceeding wroth in their hearts.

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#### *BALLADE VI.*

"Seventy yards," scoffed the damsels, " doth Nirmal measure. How wilt thou get him into thy grasp ? "

On the water-stairs stood the damsels, and they dipped their ewers into the water and lifted them upon their heads.

Upon their heads they placed the ewers and took the path to Lañkâ.

120. Scarce heard these words, Sayyid Birahnâ waxed exceeding wrath in his heart;

A sling-stone hurled Sayyid Birahnâ, and the ewers burst to shatters.

Wearing but the mouth-rings like necklaces, the damsels returned weeping to Lañkâ.

Where mother Madodarî was seated, there they all gathered ;

Sobbing and crying, spake each damsel :—“ I cannot speak for woe !

“ Somewhence two Turks have come, and on the water-stairs make a bluster ;

“ Go, send the Turks about their business, else will they invade thy palace ! ”

“ How many chargers,” quoth Madodarî ; “ how many riders make this bluster on the water-stairs ? ”

“ A single mare,” sobbed the damsels, “ and but two riders ; yet will they beat down and bar thirty-two doors.”

Hearing these words, mother Madodarî went waken Nirmal ;

130. The sleeping Nirmal awoke, and started up, and waxed exceeding wrath in his heart :

“ Wert thou not my mother,” he grumbled, “ verily I would slay thee ! ”

“ What matter so weighty can have befallen, mother, that thou hast aroused me, the sleeping Nirmal ? ”

“ Somewhence,” quoth Madodarî, “ two Turks have come ; on the water-stairs they make a bluster : ”

“ Go, send these Turks about their business, else will they invade thy palace.”

“ Then how many chargers,” asked Nirmal, “ and how many riders, and how many foot-folk have come ? ”

“ A single mare,” spake Madodarî, “ and but two riders make this bluster through all Lafkâ ! ”

These words heard Nirmal, and waxed exceeding wrath in his heart,

And, waxing wrath, hied him from the chamber,  
and called for his wrestler's apparel;

He donned his loin-cloth, and drew tight his waist-band, and stepped upon the sand of his arena.

140. He thought upon his craft-master, and twice or thrice raised himself, by his arms, from the ground.

Thence hied him Nirmal and climbed upon a mountain;

With one blow of his foot he smote that mountain, and broke it into four pieces;

With one hand he raised a fragment and whirled it in a mighty swing;

Where little 'Ajab Sâlâr was sitting, there he flung the mountain.

Sayyid Birahnâ described the mountain coming, and fixed his thoughts upon his master,

With his fore-finger he encountered it, and even there arrested the mountain.

Nirmal turned back and saw that both had escaped.

“Such a mountain,” he mused, “did I hurl, and yet have these princes escaped by their own power?”

Sayyid Birahnâ arose, saying:—“What ho, there! 'Ajab hath brought thee a gift.”

150. This word scarce heard, Nirmal hied him back to the mountain;

Sayyid Birahnâ hurled his iron chain, and by the neck he caught him,

With a chafing tug on his throat, and his head bowed as in prayer, approached the demon;

“Ere we came,” laughed Birahnâ, “had we heard of thy nature. Are thy thoughts fixed on slaughter?”

Straightway he was transformed into a bee, and 'gan buzzing over the phial,

Nirmal entered by the spout, and straightway Birahnâ covered it with a kerchief.

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*BALLADE VII.*

Nirmal Palihâr was lost to sight, and all the men of Lañkâ fled.

Then was Nirmal shut up in the phial, and the tidings reached the ear of Madodarî.

She called for eye-salve from Kâlî's fortress, and to her eyes applied it;

She called for a casket of vermillion, and with pearls decked the parting of her tresses;

160. She called for seven mines of rubies, and in goodly fashion arrayed them;

With them she hied her faith to meet 'Ajab, and at his feet she threw them.

“Of Lañkâ's Fort,” she pleaded, “take thou the kingship, my son. Give me but Nirmal and I leave thee!”

“In Ghaznî's Fort,” 'Ajab made answer, “sitteth my uncle, and calleth for him with mighty longing,

“For this Nirmal, mother, I have o'erleapt the oceans seven.”

These words heard mother Madodarî, and, as he spake, she much bethought her:

“ While thou didst dally, chewing strings of the daintiest betel-leaves, and didst play the gallant in the Fort of Lañkâ,

“ Aweary grew thy thews and prowess, Nirmal, and thy cunning was forgotten :

“ Say, canst thou not even burst a phial of clay ? ”

“ Since Sayyid Birahnâ,” moaned Nirmal from the phial, “ laid hands upon me, my limbs have become as of wax.”

170. Upon these words, mother Madodarî hied her to Mahirâwan :

“ Thy feet I clasp,” she cried, “ brother of my spouse : go, set my Nirmal free.

“ When luck befalls, all claim a share, but none will share in woe !

“ Summers but twelve doth thy nephew number, — the Turks have seized him and carry him away.”

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### BALLADE VIII.

“ Thy feet I clasp,” cried Madodarî, “ brother of my spouse : go, set my Nirmal free.

“ ‘Tis Râwan’s brother that men call Mahirâwan, and his son they call Harbañsâ ! ”

Then Mahirâwan charged his demons that the Turks should not depart alive.

With a host like a thunder-cloud, Mahirâwan advanced and came nigh unto ’Ajâb.

On every side they formed a ring, and in the midst stood Sayyid Birahnâ.

As shaft and sling-stone were loosed, the air was darkened,

180. He thought upon his master and whirled the trident  
above hi' head.

Whomsoever of the demons the trident smote, he  
was cloven into two pieces;

Sayyid Birahnâ hurled his chain of iron and laid  
low a score of foemen ;

From north to south he gazed, and strewed a very  
threshing-floor of corpses ;

From east to west he gazed, and poured forth blood  
in a mighty stream.

Fled were the demons and Mahirâwan——none  
ventured nigh.

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*BALLADE IX.*

Then outspake 'Ajab Sâlâr :—“ What ho, Sayyid  
Birahnâ! quickly bring the boat.”

First he embarked the mare Haikal; then he em-  
barked 'Ajab ;

Last of all Sayyid Birahnâ embarked——may  
my master speed the passage !

Sayyid Birahnâ 'gan ply the oar, and so they float-  
ed out on the mid-stream ;

190. Then outspake 'Ajab Sâlâr :—“ List, Sayyid Birahnâ !  
see if Nirmal be still in the phial or have escaped  
to Lañkâ.”

The phial did Sayyid Birahnâ open, and outslipped  
Nirmal ;

Seventy yards doth Nirmal measure, and with his  
top-knot tips the heavens.

When from north to south he gazes, he strews a  
very threshing-floor of corpses ;

From east to west he gazes, and pours out blood in  
a mighty stream.

In his heart mused Nirmal Palihâr :—“ My Lañkâ have they levelled with the dust ! ”

Then with one foot he 'gan sink the boat, and its course was hemmed.

Quoth 'Ajab Sâlâr :—“ Good fellow, why wouldst thou sink the boat.”

“ Ever since,” roared Nirmal, “ ye took me captive, fair sirs, ye have given me nothing to eat ! ”

Sayyid Birahnâ uprose and spake :—“ What, Nirmal, wouldst thou eat ? ”

200. “ Thirty-two vats of wine,” quoth Nirmal, “ will I drink and then account for a score of goats.

“ Wouldst know, when my hunger is sated ? Then give me forty measures of pulse to chew.”

A morsel of bread brought Birahnâ, and on the boat he placed it, saying :—“ Nirmal, eat ! ”

Loud laughed Nirmal Palihâr and spake :—“ What kickshaw dost thou place before me ? ”

“ Give thanks,” spake Birahnâ, “ in the name of the Lord, Nirmal, and eat. Verily, thy belly shall be filled.”

Of thirty-two vats he held the essence and into a goblet poured it.

Loud laughed Nirmal Palihâr and spake :—“ What, am I to carry this between my lips ? ”

“ Give thanks,” spake Birahnâ, “ in the name of the Lord, Nirmal, and drink. Verily, thou shalt be drunk to thy heart's desire.”

Nirmal gave thanks in the name of the Lord, and drank. He waxed wondrous merry,

And he bounded into the ocean with a lusty plunge.

210. Tight drew Sayyid Birahnâ his waist band, and sprang after him, and by the hair he grasped him.

With a chafing tug on his throat, and his head bowed as in prayer, approached the demon.

“Think of thine honour, Nirmal,” scoffed Birahnâ, “again are thy thoughts fixed upon slaughter?”

Straightway he was transformed into a bee, and 'gan buzzing round the phial.

Nirmal entered by the spout, and straightway Birahnâ covered it with a kerchief.

Sayyid Birahnâ 'gan ply the oar, and again they landed on the further strand.

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### *BALLADE X.*

The seven oceans traversed, they landed and sent up a prayer to the Almighty, saying :—“Lord! thou hast brought us to our goal.”

The Master’s Court was sitting, and even there came 'Ajab.

On the left he stood with reverence, and unto his uncle did obeisance.

The greetings done, he spake :—“Will any one bring me yon phial?”

220. Seventy captains and seventy-two saints laid hold on it; not an inch budged the phial.

Then the Warrior Saint arose and spake :—“What ho, Sayyid Birahnâ! bring thou the phial.”

The phial did Sayyid Birahnâ open, and outslipped Nirmal;

Seventy yards stood Nirmal, and with his top-knot tipped the heavens.

On the left he stood with reverence, and bowed his head as in prayer.

The greetings done, he spake:—"Master, may I not have just one betel-leaf?"

On his back the Warrior Saint slapped and patted him, saying:—"Go, thou shalt be my High Bailiff!"

Then Nirmal saluted and hied him to his watch-house;

But the demon Kauriâ described Nirmal coming, and waxed exceeding wrath in his heart.

He thought upon the Master, and twice or thrice raised himself, by his arms, from the ground.

230. His arms each champion slapped in defiance, and they wrestled with a rush and a grapple.

Watches three passed over the tussle; still neither bit the dust.

At last with two kicks Nirmal threw the demon Kauriâ,

And on his chest he mounted, and smote him with his fist;

Then he laid hold on his legs with a wrench, and the soul departed.

*Inscription :*

The Craft-Master Bikânu, pondering ever more deeply on the Goddess of Learning, taught the cunning of this strain.

But 'twas Mânu-llâh, the song of Tâj, that sang it, with an eye to his wealthy patrons. ]

237. First will I ponder on my tutor, and then sing it seated in the arena.



PART III.

THE LAY OF SAINT AMINÂ.



## PART III.

THE LAY OF SAINT AMINÂ.  
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THE pathetic story of Saint Aminâ illustrates the division of families in consequence of conversion. Its details, I think, must have been suggested by the closing episode of the Ramayana, where Sita is driven forth by Rama and sheltered by the holy Valmiki. The incident, in which Aminâ and her children bury themselves to escape pursuit, and are transformed into grass and trees, strongly savours of the legend of Apollo and Daphne. This is a bone which I must leave to classical scholars to tear between them. For the rest, the poem is the most purely lyric outburst in the collection. Perhaps it is *das ewig Weibliche* in the legend, which renders Saint Aminâ the most popular object of worship in the quintette. To me the story has a special, though mournful, interest. I first heard it sung, in the course of a right merry evening, on the steps of the Bela Indigo Factory, in company with my old friend Tom de Hoxar, whose sudden and untimely death deprived the Benares District of one of its most popular residents.

## THE LAY OF SAINT AMINÂ.

Aminâ Satî bahut sat kîn,  
 Bhûkhe bhojan baithak dîn,  
 Phârke anchal nange pahirâwâ,  
 Bhûlâ batohî râh batlâwâ.

Itnâ satî sat jab kîn  
 Tab Aminâ bahut sat lîn.  
 Akrû nagar dulmâ des.

Nâ kihû âwe nâ kahe sandes.

Jahân se chale Miyân Pânchoñ Pîr  
 10. Ban Tulsî kâ Miyân khelâ aher.  
 Khelat aher Miyân ke lâgî pyâs  
 Pânî heran Miyân ga, e Banaspatî ke pâs.  
 “ Tum thorâ pânî hamko pilâ, o  
 “ Thandâ pânî ku, âñ se le â, o.”  
 “ Nâhîn ghar lojâ nâhîn bâ dor.  
 “ Kaise pânî pilâ, ûñ Miyân mor?  
 “ Unche mandir kâ niche du, âr  
 Wahân baithî bâ Aminâ apne muhâr :  
 Wahân Miyân pânî pî, o tum jâ, e.”

20. Miyân Ghâzî Palihâr ke hukm diyâ lagâ, e.  
 Apnâ sarûp Palihâr pakreñ haiñ jâ, e.  
 Palihâr zamîn men gire hain â, e.  
 Châlîs kolh ke lambâ hojâ, e.  
 Das kolh ke chaurå banjâ, e.  
 Tab sone kâ qila'a Palihâr ke nazar pañ jâ, e.  
Ghâzî Miyân ke sange lihin li, â, e.  
 Jâke pahunche Aminâ ke du, âr.  
 Bahin, bahin karke lihâ pukâr.  
 Bhîtar se niklî hai Aminâ Mâ, i  
 30. Anke kaure ga, in ٹhaharâ, i  
 Amin Pânchoñ Pîr ke chhinhât bâ, e :

“ Tû sab ko, i ham’re naihar se â, e  
 “ Kaho naihar kî bâteñ arthâ, e.  
 “ Tab ham tûke pânî de, ûñ pi, â, e.”  
 “ Tuh’rî naihar Amin khem kusal bâ, e kull paliwâr.  
 “ Ham to Amin baiñhat bâten rât dinâ tu’hre du, âr.”  
 “ Chhan ek baitho tum chandan jañâ, e  
 “ Tab se ham de, iñ tûke raso, i sijhâ, e.”  
 “ Tu’hrî raso, i lâgî barî ber.

40. “ Ham Nirpanchî jâwen sawer.”  
 “ Hamke aher khele ke ho, i aber,”  
 Amin Mâ, i se kahe Pânchoñ Pîr,  
 Lâlî palang Amin diyâ nikalwâ, e :  
 “ Baiñho bhayyâ tu man chit lâ, e.”  
 Nem dharam se Amin lihâ nihâ, e,  
 Jhapañ ke Amin raso, i meñ jâ, e,  
 Sijhweñ Amin pânchoñ parkâr,  
 Turant Aminâ kihin raso, i ɻayyâr,  
 Jhapañ ke Aminâ Akrû Nagar meñ jâ, e :

50. “ Sun le Bârî châr sai pattrî de lagâ, e.”  
 “ Ham’re donâ pattrî nâhîn bâ ɻayyâr  
 “ Tum sone kâ tharyâ apne bîran ke de, o jaunâr.”  
 Pân kâ pattaryâ Aminâ lega, e derâ Bârî,  
 ’Arsh se utral Aminâ sonawâ kai thârî.  
 Rân pañosin jhâñk jhonk jâ, e :  
 “ Bañe acharaj kî bât yih bâ, e.”  
 Hâthe leke pânî Aminâ apne bîran ke lage jâ, e.  
 “ Uþho, bhayyâ, charan pakhâro, raso, i le, o tum  
 khâ, e.”  
 “ Raso, i raso, i jin kar bahinî lâg.

60. “Raso, i ke pîchhe ho, e tuhâr burî bhâg.”  
 “Hamke Râmchand joñ likhe hu, eñ banbâs,  
 “Kikare bhâg se bhogab ranwâs.”  
 Tab uþhe hain Pânchoñ Pîr charan pakhâr  
 Jâke Pânchoñ Pîr kare lâge jeonâr.  
 Rân paþosin jhânk jhoñk jâ, e :  
 “Awe sâs, Goshâyan, to layyâ de, ûñ lagâ, e !”  
 “Aminâ, jo mângrâ ho so mângr.  
 “Ham toke deb tor barî bhâg.”  
 “An dhan hamke Goshâyan bahut dî, e jâ, e,  
 70. “Kâ ham tûse mângrâ bâ, e ?”  
 Bâbâ Birahnâ mâth diyâ latakâ, e.  
 Aminâ se kahâ : “Achchhâ autâr â, il bâ, e.”  
 Aminâ diyâ ullaþke jâwâb ; “Hamke tu dihâ batâ, e.  
 “Jaune belâ hameñ gârh pare wûhî belâ tû â, e.”  
 Pânchoñ Pîr jewan jewar man lâ, e.  
 “Ham âpan paþosin leb manâ, e.”  
 Aminâ kâ sawâl pûrâ karat bâ, e,  
 Aminâ kâ man khwush hojâ, e.  
 Jew uþhâ Bâlâ panth ko sidhârâ.  
 80. Pichhawân Aminâ dhanþhel pasârâ,  
 Tare kailî sonâ ûpar motî dhâr.  
 “Lebe nâ paþosin bahinî bainâ hamâr.  
 “Aminâ kâ bainâ le ghar jâ, e.  
 “Age le sâs âwe layyâ mat lâ, e.  
 “Layyâ tû lâ, ibe bahinî kâ phal khâ, ibe ?  
 “Itnâ dân janam baithal khâ, ibe.”  
 “Ham’re mukh do jîbh : bainâ leb o layyâ deb  
 lagâ, e.”

“ Nâ tûke bainâ deb, tum layyâ deo lagâ, e.”  
 Aminâ kî sâs Kâmñâ samundar se â, i nahâ, e.

90. Machyâ par baithke kes jhurâwat bâ, e.  
 Ake rân parosin sâs ke kâne lâgal jâ, e.  
 “ Kaisan sâs tuhre deswâ kî chalyâ bâ, e.  
 “ Jaune tharyâ Nûrchand jewefi jeonâr,  
 “ Taune tharyâ Turukan diyâ jujhâr.”  
 Dauñ Kâmñâ apne beþe ke lage, jâ, e :  
 “ Tu’hâr dulahî bahut kupad kî, e bâ, e ! ”  
 Râjâ Nûrchand chalâ du, âre jâ, e  
 Apnî dulahî ke bahut risyâ, e.  
 Apnî dulahî ke diyâ nikâl

100. Nâ puchhâ pad nâ kupad, Aminâ ghar se diyâ nikâl.  
 Gahnâ kaprâ sab lihâ utarwâ, e,  
 Ek-chhinnî dhoñî dihâ pahirâ, e,  
 Bhunjal sarsoñ Aminâ khoinche men lâ, e,  
 Amañ Nîmañ donoñ anguri lagâ, e.  
 Pahil ideoñî jab Amin dâñke jâ, e  
 Râjâ kî raso, i meñ dûb aur madâr jamjâ, e :  
 Dûsar ideoñî jab Amin dâñke jâ, e  
 Dhan daulat sab ko, ilâ ho, e jâ, e :  
 Tîsar ideoñî jab Amin dâñke jâ, e

110. Hâthîsâr meñ hâthî marjâ, e :  
 Chauthî ideoñî jab Amin dâñke jâ, e  
 Ghorâ tawele meñ marjâ, e :  
 Pânchwîn ideoñî jab Amin dâñke jâ, e  
 Râjâ kâ fauj khaikhâr ho, e jâ, e :  
 Chhatwîn ideoñî jab Amin dâñke ja, e  
 An pânî sab jarjâ, e :  
 Sâtwîn ideoñî jab Amin dâñke jâ, e

Pâchhe ulaṭke tâke sone kâ qila'a jarjâ, e :

Ek ban ga, in, dûsar nagchâ, e,

120. Donoñ laṛkan ke bhûkh lag jâ, e

Amin âpan laṛkan ke samjhâ, e :

“ Ham're palle kuchh nâhîn bâ, e.”

Bhûnjal sarsoñ khoinche se nikâlat bâ, e,

Agal bagal râste meñ chhîtat jâ, e,

Ghâzî Miyân ke lihan manâ, e.

Bhûnjal sarsoñ jâmat bâ, e,

Jâmat jâmat baṛa ho, e jâ, e,

Amal Nîmat khontat bâ, e.

Khâ, eñ kandarî lâg pyâs,

130. Tab â, eñ âpnî mâtâ ke pâs :

“ Aminâ, Aminâ, pânî le â, o,

“ Hamke jaldî se pânî pilâ, o !”

“ Aithan ku, âñ nâ pokhaṛî bâ, e,

“ Kaise pânî de, ûñ pi, â, e ?”

Aminâ Ghâzî Miyân ke lihâ manâ, e :

“ Ham're laṛkan ke pânî deo pilâ, e !”

Gâṛh Gâjân se sagrâ phûṭâ,

Unke âge se bah chalâ :

Amin betan ke hukm diyâ lagâ, e,

140. “ Betâ tum pânî pî, o aghâ, e.”

Pach pach chilluâ jab wai khâ, e,

Tab wai baithe dhîraj lâ, e.

Qila'a meñ Râjâ Nûrchand â, e :

“ Mâtâ hamke kuchh deo khilâ, e.”

Jaune bartan meñ hâth daleñ sab bartan chûñch  
dikhâ, e.

Tab Râjâ Nûrchand bole : “ Bhûkh bahut byâpe,  
kuchh deo khilâ, e.”

Jaune or tâkeñ bhasmâ sûr dekhâ, e.

Râjâ tûtahî ghoṛî liyâ mangâ, e,

Jaipar Râjâ chârhke chaleñ manâwe Aminâ Mâ, î :

150. Ek ban ga, e, dûsar ban ga, e, tîsar jahwân baiṭhî  
Aminâ Mâ, î.

Donoñ larke mâtâ se kahin samjhâ, e :

“ Mâtâ daddâ pahuncheñ haiñ â, e ! ”

Râjâ Nûrchand Amin se kareñ banâ, o :

“ Phirke Amin tum apne ghar jâ, o.”

“ Aise ham Râjâ nâhîn jâb ;

“ Bahin hamâr Gangâ unse puchho âb.”

Hâlî hâlî Râjâ Nûrchand chale â, e

Jahwân Gangâ Mâ, î bah jâ, e.

Jâke karâr par khaṛâ bhâwâ

160. Gangâ Mâ, î ke ghurrâwâ :

“ Apan kahe to tu pûrab bahat bâ, e,

“ Ham're kahe tû dû ghaṛî pachchim bah jâ, e.

“ Tu'hre karâre par Aminâ baiṭhî bâ, e.

“ Tû baho pachchim, to ghar chalî jâ, e.”

“ Dekho Râjâ Nûrchand ghûre par hâñdyâ parî  
bâ, e.

“ Wuhî hâñdyâ meñ jewan karo, to ham pachchim  
bah jâ, e.”

“ Yih hamse nâ ho, e, Gangâ Mâ, î.

“ Nem dharam sagroñ chal jâ, e.”

“ Râjâ Nûrchand, tum phir jâ apan makân,

170. “ Aminâ par tum mat dharo dhyân.”

Bare zor se Râjâ ke ghusa â, e.

Man meñ kahin, Aminâ ke le jâb ghirâ, e !

Dûr se Amin dekhe nañar phailâ, e.

Amañ Nûmañ donoñ beñan ke per diyâ banâ, e.

Amañ âm kâ per, Nîmañ nîm kâ per ho, e jâ, e.

Tab Ghâzî ke Amin lihâ manâ, e :

“ Phañe dharte ham jâ, eñ samâ, e.”

Dauñe Râjâ Nûrchang, dhaike jhoñtî le, ûñ ghirâ, e !

Phûtal dhartî Aminâ chalalin samâ, e.

180. Jhoñtî Aminâ kî ûpar kî bagha, i ho, e jâ, e.

Râjâ Nûrchang roke phire ki nij kâ adin â, il bâ, e.

Jahân Amin Ghâzî Miyân ke lihan bulâ, e

“ Jahwân pîyâ ho tu’ hâr

“ Wahawâñ mantâ sange ho, e hamâr ! ”

Charhe ghoñe â, ilan pânchoñ bhâ, i,

Begi Sati Aminâ dolawâ phanâ, e,

Amañ Nîmat ke ghorawâ charhâ, e,

Le Aminâ Bahraich pahunchâ, e.

Pânchoñ Pîr rauza to uñhâ, e ;

190. Miyân ke charhâwe sevakâ khañsyâ murghawâ,

Aminâ ke patâ, û charhâ, i bali jâ, e,

Unkâ bhajan satu joñ gâ, e,

193. Aminâ kâ sevak dûdh pût pâ, e.

## THE LAY OF SAINT AMINA.

Many a good deed wrought Saint Aminâ,  
 Unto the helpless poor she gave food,  
 Her own garment she rent and donned it on the  
 naked,  
 To the errant wayfarer she showed his path.  
 When Saint Aminâ performed all this saintliness,  
 Then it was that she earned her chiefest saintship.  
 Akrû was her city and lonely was her realm,  
 For thither no foot doth journey, nor doth tongue  
 speak tidings of it.

In the realm, where the Heroes Five hied them  
 forth,

10. There in a forest of holy basil did the Master fol-  
 low the chase :

As he followed the chase the Master fell athirst.

In quest of water the Master hied him to the God-  
 dess of the Forests, saying :—

“ Give me a little water to drink :

“ Cold water do thou bring me from the well.”

“ In my home,” spake the Goddess, “ is neither  
 pitcher nor rope.

“ How shall I give thee water to drink, Master,  
 mine ?

“ Of a lofty palace there is a lowly wicket,

“ There sitteth Aminâ before her door.

“ Thither, Master, wend thy way and drink thy  
 fill.”

20. Then the Warrior Saint straightly charged Palihâr,  
 And Palihâr once more donned his demon form  
 On the ground did Palihâr fall prostrate.

Even as forty oil-presses did he swell in height.

Even as ten oil-presses did he swell in breadth.

Then Palihâr descried a golden castle,

And he took the Warrior Saint with him

And they came unto doorstep of Aminâ :

Sister! Sister! by that name they called unto her :

Then from within came forth Mother Aminâ.

30. As she came to the chink of the door, she stopped.

For Amin knew them for the Heroes Five

And spake :—“ From my mother’s home ye are all come ;

“ Tell me all the tidings of my mother’s home,

“ Then will I give ye water to drink.”

“ In thy mother’s home,” the Master made answer,  
“ all is well throughout the hamlet ;

“ But bethink thee, Amin, thou keepest me sitting  
all day and all night at thy door.”

“ But one moment,” pleaded Amin, “ do thou sit  
beneath this sandal tree to cool thyself,

“ Meanwhile will I dress viands for thee.”

“ Much time, I ween, take thy viands,

40. “ At dawn must we be up and away on a pilgrimage.

“ Already in following the chase have we been  
belated.”

So spake the Heroes Five unto Mother Aminâ.

A crimson couch did Aminâ draw forth, saying :—

“ Sit ye down, my brothers, and fear not.”

Then with every pious rite did Aminâ bathe ;

And straightway Amin hied her into her kitchen ;

All five dishes Amin dressed,

And forthwith Amin prepared a banquet :

In a twinkling Amin hied her to the city of Akrû,  
crying :—

50. “ Give ear, ye torch-bearers, of leaves do ye prepare  
me four hundred.”

“ Leaf-platters,” they made answer, “ have we  
none ready.

“ In thy golden charger do thou feast thy brethren.”

Slow were the torch-bearers to bring unto Aminâ  
platters of betel-leaf.

And from the heavens therefore descended unto  
Aminâ a golden charger.

A neighbour’s wife was peeping.

“ Full wondrous, I ween,” she muttered, “ are these  
doings.”

With her own hand Amin carried water to her  
brethren, saying :—

“ Up, brethren, wash your feet—accept these viands  
and eat your fill.”

“ Viands,” spake the Master, “ dress me no viands,

60. “ For ill-fortune, I trow, upon these viands will  
follow.”

“ Nay,” laughed Aminâ, “ if Râmchand have writ-  
ten even that I shall dwell in the wild woods,

“ Who shall grant me the fortune to enjoy a queen’s  
palace ? ”

Then uprose the Heroes Five and bathed their feet.

And the Heroes Five approached and fell to the  
banquet.

But a neighbour’s wife was peeping.

“ When thy lord’s mother shall come,” quoth she,  
“ verily, I shall carry this tale to her.”

“ Aminâ,” spake the Master, “ name thy heart’s  
desire,”

“ For mickle fortune will I bestow upon thee.”

“ Wealth,” quoth Aminâ, “ hath the Lord granted  
unto me without stint ;

70. “ What have I left to desire of thee ? ”

Father Birahnâ bent down his head

And unto Aminâ he spake :—“ Auspicious is the  
hour that hath come.”

Then Aminâ returned her answer, saying :—“ Read  
me such a spell,

“ That whensoever ill-fortune shall betide me, even  
at that hour thou shalt come.”

Then the Heroes Five feasted with a will.

“ With my neighbour’s wife,” quoth Aminâ, “ I  
will reason.”

Aminâ’s prayer the Master accorded,  
And Aminâ’s heart was gladdened.

Then from the feast uprose the Master and set forth  
upon his journey.

80. And when he had departed, Aminâ made ready a  
posset.

Beneath she spread gold, and above she poured  
pearls,

And spake :—“ Wilt thou not, sister neighbour,  
accept this my gift ? ”

“ Aminâ’s gift do thou take unto thy home.

“ And when my lord’s mother cometh, carry not  
this tale unto her ;

“For if thou carry the tale, sister, what will it profit thee?

“Yet so rare a gift as this, while life remaineth, thou canst enjoy and yet not rise from thy seat.”

“In my mouth,” the neighbour’s wife made answer, “is a forked tongue; thy gift I will take; and yet will I carry this tale.

“No gift,” cried Aminâ, “will I bestow; go, carry thy tales where’er thou wilt.”

So Kâmnâ, mother of Aminâ’s liege, returned from bathing in the ocean,

90. And seated upon a settle was wringing her tresses, When unto her came the neighbour’s wife and clave unto her ear :

“What manner of rites, Mother,” she cried, “in thy country,

“That the very charger, from which Nûrchand feasteth,

“Hath been polluted by the touch of Turks?”

Unto her son ran Kâmnâ :

“Thy bride,” she shrieked, “hath wrought a grievous wrong.”

King Nûrchand hied him to the portal,

And against his bride he waxed wroth beyond measure,

And he cast forth his bride from him,

100. Nought asked he of right or wrong—he cast forth Aminâ from his palace.

All her gems and robes he bade her doff,

And a scanty shift he bade her don.

Parched mustard-seed was all that Aminâ took in the fold over her bosom,

And Amaṭ and Nīmaṭ, to each she gave a finger :  
 The first threshold when Amin traversed  
 In the King's kitchen grew up grass and weeds ;  
 The second threshold when Amin traversed,  
 His wealth and treasure were laid in ashes ;  
 The third threshold when Amin traversed,  
 110. Dead fell every elephant in the stalls ;  
 The fourth threshold when Amin traversed,  
 Dead fell every charger in his stables ;  
 The fifth threshold when Amin traversed,  
 The King's host was slaughtered ;  
 The sixth threshold when Amin traversed,  
 Every harvest and streamlet was burnt up ;  
 The seventh threshold when Amin traversed,  
 A backward glance she threw, and the golden  
 castle blazed up in flames.  
 Into one forest she wandered, and, as she drew nigh  
 unto a second,  
 120. Her two children fell hungry ;  
 Then Amin reasoned with her children, saying :—  
 “Nought have I in my mantle.”  
 Yet the parched mustard-seed she took from the  
 fold over her bosom,  
 On this side and on that she sprinkled it as she  
 went,  
 And called upon the name of the Warrior Saint.  
 The parched mustard-seed taketh root,  
 And as it taketh root, it groweth tall,  
 And Amaṭ and Nīmaṭ 'gan pluck it,  
 And, as they ate the mustard, they fell athirst.  
 130. Then they came unto their mother, crying :—  
 “Mother! Mother! bring us water,  
 “Quick, give us water to drink.”

“ Here,” sobbed Aminâ, “ is neither well nor pool,  
“ How shall I give ye water to drink ? ”

And again Aminâ called upon the name of the  
Warrior Saint,

Saying: “ Unto my sons give thou water to drink ! ”  
And straightway there burst forth a fountain from  
Ghazni's Fort

And rippled before their feet.

Then Amin charged her sons, saying :—

140. “ Children, of the water drink your fill.”

When each had sipped five draughts from the hol-  
low of his hand,

Then they sat them down by the brink and were  
content.

Into the castle came King Nûrchand :

“ Mother,” quoth he, “ give unto me to eat.”

Yet every vessel, into which he thrust his hand, he  
beheld empty.

Then outspake King Nûrchand :—“ Sorely doth  
hunger oppress me. Give unto me to eat.”

Whitherso he gazed, on all sides he beheld ashes.

A sorry nag then the King borrowed,

And thereon the King mounted and set forth to  
reason with Mother Aminâ.

150. One forest he entered, and a second, and even a  
third, where sat Mother Aminâ.

Both children brought the tidings to their mother,  
saying :—

“ Mother ! father is come.”

King Nûrchand entreated Amin, saying :—

“ Turn back, Amin, unto thine home.”

In this wise, sir King,” cried Amin, “ will I  
never go.

“ But the Ganges is my sister. Ask thou of her.”  
 Straightway King Nûrchand hied him forth,  
 Where floweth Mother Ganges,  
 And on the banks he stood

## 160. And called unto Mother Ganges :

“ Unbidden thou flowest east,  
 “ At my bidding, but for two hours, do thou flow  
 west.  
 “ On thy bank sitteth Amin.  
 “ If thou do but flow west, then will she hie her to  
 her home.”  
 “ Behold, King Nûrchand,” cried the River, “ yon  
 vessel hath fallen on a dunghill,  
 “ In that vessel do thou dress thy food, then will I  
 flow west.”  
 “ That,” quoth the King, “ I cannot do, Mother  
 Ganges.

“ For lost were then all my faith and religion for  
 ever.

“ Wherefore, King Nûrchand,” the River made  
 answer, “ hie thee back to thine home,

170. “ Upon Aminâ suffer not thy thoughts again to  
 dwell.”

The King waxed exceeding wroth,  
 In his heart he spake :—“ I will drag away Amin ! ”  
 From afar Amin descried him as she gazed abroad.  
 Amaṭ and Nîmaṭ, her two children, she changed  
 into trees ;

· Amaṭ became an *Am*-tree, and Nîmaṭ a *nîm*-tree.

Then Aminâ called upon the Warrior :—

“ Let the earth be rent and let me be buried ! ”

On rushed King Nûrchang, shouting :—“ I will  
grasp her by the top-knot and drag her away.”

The earth was rent and Amin sank buried.

180. And Amin’s top-knot turned into grass above the  
sod,

And the King turned back, wailing ; for he said :—  
“ Verily, doom hath fallen on me for ever.”

Then Amin cried unto the Warrior Saint :—

“ Wheresoever thou art worshipped,

“ There let me too be honoured.”

Mounted on their chargers came the Brothers Five,

And straightway they bore away Aminâ on a litter,

And Amaṭ and Nîmaṭ they lifted on their coursers.

And they brought Aminâ unto Bahraich,

And there the Heroes Five upraised a shrine ;

190. Unto the Master the worshipper vows a goat and a  
cock,

Unto Aminâ a shred of cloth is offered,

And their hymns if but rightly he singeth,

193. No worshipper of Amin shall lack wealth or  
offspring.



PART IV.

THE QUEST OF THE MARE LILLI.



## PART IV.

THE QUEST OF THE MARE LILLI.<sup>^</sup>

EVERY Jack must have his Jill; and no Warrior Saint is complete until he has a charger. The exploits, by which Ghâzî Miyân provided himself with the mare Lillî, are clear enough from the *ballades*, which I have here attempted to reproduce. The question remains, how the mare Lillî came into the possession of Sultân Mahmûd. This question is interesting, because it illustrates the principle that a very large proportion of popular legends are interlaced. It appears a far cry from Ghâzî Miyân, nephew of Sultân Mahmûd, to Gûgâ Bîr, patron saint of the sweepers. In order, however, to explain the prior history of the mare Lillî, I must beg leave to quote the following passage from an essay of mine, dealing with Gûgâ or Zâhir Pîr, and published separately under the title of a "*Sweeper Saint*." This essay, I may mention, has the authority of Gopâl Dâs, who is the acknowledged "father" of the Mazhabî Lâlbegîs of the Benares Division, and from whose narrative the facts are recorded :—

"The Turks had founded a kingdom at Sirsâ. Their king had four daughters :

|               |  |               |
|---------------|--|---------------|
| (1.) Achhal,  |  | (3.) Bâchhal, |
| (2.) Kâchhal, |  | (4.) Mâmal,   |

renowned for their beauty, and the mare Lillî, whom no horseman could bestride. The Chauhân Rajputs of Bâgar, under Râjâ Umbar, having invaded Sirsâ, slaughtered its ruler, and took captive his mare Lillî and his three eldest daughters. Mâmal, however, escaped, because she had already been wedded to Sâhû

Sâlâr, brother of King Mahmûd of Ghâzni. In time she became mother of Ghazî Miyân, who beat the gong of religion through the corners of Hindûstân. Râjâ Umbar married Bâchhal to his first-born Jewar, who, finding that she was barren, deserted her and became a hermit in the wilderness. Bâchhal entered the service of the Saint Gorakhnâth, daily praying for children. After twelve years' faithful service, Gorakhnâth pledged his promise, saying :—‘ Come thou at daybreak, I will give thee a talisman.’ Her twin-sister Kâchhal, who resembled her in appearance and was also childless, was playing the eaves-dropper. At daybreak, while Bâchhal was still sleeping, Kâchhal stole to the Saint Gorakhnâth, who presented her with two barley-corns, saying :—‘ Eat, verily thou shalt conceive, and bring two sons into the world.’ Kâchhal returned, laughing and singing to her outwitted sister, who awoke and was distressed. Bâchhal hurried weeping to Gorakhnâth, who, recovering from his astonishment, handed her some resin, saying :—‘ Eat this with milk. Verily thou shalt bear a son, who shall overcome the offspring of the traitress Kâchhal.’ So Kâchhal, swallowing the barley-corns (*jau*), bore two twins whom she named *Taura*, while Bâchhal, mixing the resin (*guggal*) with milk, became the mother of one son, whom she called *Gûgâ*. It so happened that the mare Lillî, licking round the basin of milk and resin, also became pregnant, and foaled the winged stallion *Lîlâ*, which was *Gûgâ*’s plaything.

After a series of adventures, *Gûgâ*, having been cursed by his mother for slaying his twin-cousins, was converted to Islâm under the title of *Zâhir Pîr*, and concealed himself under the earth, leaving his mother and child-wife in extreme poverty. They made over the mare Lillî to Sultan Mahmûd, from whom Ghâzî Miyân received her, as stated in the *ballade* annexed.

*BALLADE I.*

Tulsî jangal kâ Ghâzî Miyân khelâ hai shikâr  
 Pâwâ pattâ zor Lillî kâ Miyân jo Sâlâr.  
 Khel shikâr Pîr ghar â, e, mukh se ḥarf nikâlî,  
 Ek Lillî binâ, dil meñ soche, morâ ghar hai khâlî.  
 Tân dupattâ lâge sone, fîkr diloñ bîch thânî.  
 Byakul bikal bhâ, i Bîbî Mâmal, Miyân kâ maram  
 nâhîn jânî.  
 Ki betâ lâge deo dânu ki unkâ bhâ, e mânî,  
 Ki tiryâ tumh'rî nazâr pařî hai ki šûrat dekh  
 lobhânî.  
 Nâ Aminâ mile deo dânu, â nâ šûrat dekh lobhânî.  
 10. Sultân Mahmûd nâm mâmû kâ Garh Gâjan meñ thânî,  
 Unke ghar ek Lillî batâ, ur, us par morâ dil mânî.  
 Uþho, betâ, khâ, o tâtâ khânâ Lillî le â, ûñ tab hâli!  
 Sattar Mu'allâ nek bibyâ khânâ lîye bhar thâli.

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*BALLADE II.*

Kahe Mîrâ Mas'ûd : Suno, Mâmal mâ, i,  
 Lillî ke khoj mâmû ke yahân, ki uhân pattâ bhâ, i  
 Tab Mayyâ Mâmal kî chalne kî ȝayyârî, sutrâ sukhpâl  
 turant sañwârî  
 Zor dhûm se kareñ kûch nek bibyâ kî agwâ, i.  
 Daulat, dunyâ, mâl khazânâ bahut dâm laðwâ, i.  
 Pařheñ Qur, ân rihl ke ûpar, dhyân dhareñ lau lâ, i.  
 20. Garh Gâjan meñ Mâmal pahunchî hai, pat râkho tum  
 Khudâ, i,  
 Tab mile bahin bhayyâ tâ, in : Mere Rabb kâ khyâl  
 ghanerâ !  
 Bihas ke bât pûchhâ bhayyâ : " Mâmal qadam kahân  
 ke pherâ ?

Hulse kamal imân larze, dekhan ke, bîran, terâ ;

Lillî khâss bâs mahkânî, sunâ tumhâre derâ.

Deo bakhshish bhaine ke tâ, in, sun, bîran pyâre merâ.

Lillî ke nâm lîl kaprâ nâhîn, kahân se â, e ham're derâ ?

Daulat kaho, khazâna de, ûñ, chhakron khûb laqwâ, e ;

Mulk kaho, pargana de, ûñ ; tûhî Lillî ke batlâ, e ?

Hâthî kaho, hâlkan qalkan de, ûñ ûpar 'amârî chhâ, e ;

30. Ghorâ kaho, tawelâ de, ûñ, ûñt kî qatâr lagâ, e.

Itnâ t̄hel maâthel ghoroñ kâ eko pasand nâhîn â, e.

“ Man jo mail kiyâ Mâmal Mâ, e khâss tawelâ, bhayyâ, deo batâ, e.”

### BALLADE III.

Kachhî, mushkî, tâzî, turkî, kotal, kumait, kallyânî,

Roñghan, tânghan ghoñ ke kahiye châroñ hâl bakhânâ.

Ghorâ sufaid nâm Bilkî motî as jhal ke dâna ;

Ghorâ surang sandalî ke chhîtâ, Ablaqâ Burrâqî ;

Dâlchînî ghorâ ke kahiye, unkî jât batlâ, e ;

Ghorâ samand, nâm Daryâ, î, jepar chârheñ Pîr Dar-gâhî.

Sone kâ pâkhar sohe Lillî par, kalanghî det raushanâ, î,

40. Her pher pâwat nahîn Mâmal, kitto det duhâ, î.

Phirke â, î apne beña jî ke pâs,

Nâ milî Lillî, nâ pûje âs.

Hanske daure Gâjanâ : “ Kyâ, ammâ, Lillî le â, î ? ”

“ Bañe bhâñt se mângeo dân, nâhîn dihâ bîran bhâ, î.”

“ Jâ, o, ammâ, baiñho derâ, Rabb râkheñ jiskî bâzî !

“ Mâmû kâ shahar dhun maiñ dâlûñ, Lillî le â, ûñ, tab Ghâzî.”

## BALLADE IV.

Pânc pîr bhâ, e aswâr, tîrkash par rodâ tânî ;  
 Lâwâ er ghoڑe ke ûpar, pahunche jahwân ghoڑe pîte pânî.

Lâge Bâlâ kî kachahrî, ɖerâ sâgar par lagâ, e,  
 50. Aisan sâgar mâmû kâ ko, i paîth ke thâh nâ pâwe.  
 Pachim ʈaraf dekhe Bâlâ, chândî se ghât patâwe ;  
 Pûrab ʈaraf dekhe Bâlâ, sonan se ghât bandhâwe ;  
 Dakhin ʈaraf dekhe Bâlâ, tâmbe se ghât patâwe ;  
 Uttar ʈaraf dekhe Bâlâ, pîtal se ghât bandhâwe.  
 Miyân Gâjan uṭhe bol ! “ Bhâ, i Sayyid Birahnâ, jâ, o sâgar bîch nahâwe.”

Itnî bât sun, Sayyid Birahnâ kamar se lûñg charhâwe ;  
 Bândh lûñg un utar paڑe sâgar ke bîch nahâwe ;  
 Mârâ ghoڑa Sayyid Birahnâ, tale ke chau par utar âwe.

## BALLADE V.

Bâ, eñ adab se khaڑe hû, e Nirmal aur sijda sis na-wâwe ;  
 60. Kare kornish in kahe bât aur kahke suhkn sunâwe ;  
 “ Pâ, ûñ hukm, Bâlâ, tore, bâzâr bîch dekhan tamâshâ jâwe.”

Miyân Gâjan uṭhe bol :—“ Dekh ke tamâshâ tû âwe.”  
 Karke salâm chale Nirmal ɖaure bâzâr meñ jâwe.  
 Râkhas kî dehî dihâ utâr, manukh kî dehî chaṛhâwe.  
 Bîch bâzâr meñ khaڑe hû, e, tab bahut jât ɖaure âwe,  
 Ek Halwâ, i ke lihâ bulâ, e, unse bhî zikr chalâwe :  
 “ Jitnî miṭhâ, i ho, e tore shahar meñ, sabhî miṭhâ, i lâwe.”  
 “ Miyân Gâjan kâ le, ûñ saugât, bâdshâh ke ɖere jâwe.”  
 Itnî bât sunâ Halwâ, i, baڑi khûshî ho, e jâwe ;

70. Sâre shahar kâ lihâ mithâ, i, tab barâ arâr lagâwe.  
 Ek Halwâ, i uṭhâ bol :—“ Miyân, gârî sai mangâwe.”  
 Hañskar bolê Nirmal Palihâr :—“ Bhâ, i, thoṛâ miṭhâ, i  
 hain khâwe.”  
 “ Thorâ nâhîn, tû sabhî khâ, e, jâ ! Miyân se dâm  
 dilâwe.”  
 Itnî bât sunâ Nirmal, tab bahut ghuṣṣa man khâwe.  
 Manukh kî dehî dihâ utâr, râkhas kî dehî charhâwe.  
 Ek hâth phere Nirmal, tab âdhî miṭhâ, i khâwe :  
 Dûsar hâth phere Nirmal, tab tare se dhûr uṭhâwe.  
 Dû, e châr Halwâ, i uṭhe bol :—“ Miyân, hamko dâm  
 dilâwe !”  
 Dasa pâñch Halwâ, i ke pakâr lihâ, mûrân se mûr  
 bhirâwe.

80. Daurke Halwâ, i sab bhâge, Kotwâl ke pâs chale jawe.

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### BALLADE VI.

Baiṭhâ Kotwâl uṭhâ bol :—“ Bhâ, i, kahyâ shor mach-  
 âwe ?”  
 Bâ, en adab se khaṛe hû, e, aur sijda sîs nawâwe ;  
 Kare kornish, in kahe bât aur kahke sukhn sunâwe :  
 Baiṭhe Kotwâl det hai dilâsâ :—“ Bhâ, i, tumko dâm  
 dilâwe !”  
 Dû, e châr piyâda ke dihâ bhej ki Nirmal pakâr le  
 âwe.  
 Dhâl chamkat dekhe Nirmal, tab bahut ghuṣṣa man  
 khâwe,  
 Hâth pañw jhaṛe Nirmal das pâñch mâr girâwe.  
 Daurke piyâda sab bhâge, Kotwâl ke pâs chale jâwe :  
 “ Wuh âdam nâhîn, haigâ deo, wuh kisû ke hâth nâhîn  
 âwe !”

90. Itnî bât sunâ Kotwâl, sawârî apnî mangâwe :  
 " Adam ho ki deo, jhaṭ dekheñ ki ham're hâth nâ  
 âwe ! "

Sawârî chamkat dekhe Nirmal, tab bahut ghusşa man  
 khâwe ;

Pakaṛ bâg, dete chakkar, Kotwal ke garad milâwe.

Dauṛke Kotwâl tab bhâge, Bâdshâh ke pas chale jâwe.

Baiṭhe Bâdshah uṭhe bol :—“ Bhâ, i, kahiya shor mach-  
 âwe ? ”

Bâ, eñ adab se khaṛe hû, e aur sijda sîs nawâwe,

Baiṭhe Bâdshâh det hai dilâsâ :— Bhâ, i tumko dâm  
 dilâwe ! ”

Itnî bât sun Nirmal ḍaure Bâlâ lag âwe ;

Bâ, eñ adab se khaṛe hû, e aur sijda sîs nawâwe ;

100. “ Sâre shahar ki khâ, i miṭha, i, morâ nâhîn peṭ bhar  
 jâwe ! ”

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*BALLADE VII.*

Lâge Bâlâ ki kachahrî, qerâ sâgar par lagâ, e ;  
 Mîrâ Khor, Bâdshâh kâ naukar, ghoran ke pilâwan  
 â, e.

Miyyâñ Gâjan uṭhe bol :—“ Bhâ, i, tum more ho diljânî  
 “ Mâmû kî Lillî kahwân base, tum kaho bât ṭhikânî ! ”

Yih to jor jom ke mâte inkî bât ghumâwe.

Tab pakaṛ bâñh, dete chakkar, wuh Lillî kâ bhed bat-  
 âwe :

“ Sât bhû, indhare hai tale, Bâlâ, ko, i thâh nâhîn  
 pâwe.

“ Bâns bândh Lillî dânâ pâwe, nal se pânî pilâwe.

“ Sât deo kî rahe chaukî, sât dâ, in ihân roz khidmat  
 ke âwe.

110. " Id Baqara 'Id ke nikle Lillî, kisî ke hâth nâhîn âwc.  
 " Kitne jawân lâge Bâdshâh ke ! sab ke mâr girâwe.  
 " Apnî khûshî se, apne mauj se chal thâne par jâwe."  
 Tab Mîrâ Khor ke dihâ chhor, wuh chal qere par  
 âwe,  
 Pagrî pheñk dihâ âgû, Bâdshâh se chughlî khâwe ;  
 " Ghoڑe tumh're mare pyâse, ham pânî kahwân pil-  
 âwe ?  
 " Dû, e châr larke â, e kahwâñ se sâgar par dhûm  
 machâwe.  
 " Itne meñ ham mana' kiyâ, merâ bâñh tor wuh qâle."

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*BALLADE VIII.*

Tab baithâ Bâdshâh uṭhâ hai bol :—“ He pâyak ! Bâlâ  
 ke pakar tum lâwe.”  
 Karke salâm chalâ pâyak, aur qâure sâgar par jâwe.  
 120. Bâ, en adab se khare hû, e aur sijda sîs nawâwe ;  
 Kare kornish in kahî bât :—“ Chal, tumheñ Bâdshah  
 bulâwe.”  
 · Itnî bât sunâ Bâlâ, bahut khûshî ho, e jâwe ;  
 “ Sayyid Birahna ! 'Ajab Sâlâr ! chalo, hameñ Bâdshâh  
 bulâwe.”  
 Jab Bâlâ jâte qila' par, bîch Nirmal kharâ ho, e jâwe :  
 “ Ap şâhib jâte qila' par, hamko kâ farmâwe ? ”  
 Sattar gaz kâ hai Nirmal aur choṭî sarag lagâwe.  
 Hañskar bole Miyân Gâjanâ :—“ Bhai, sang hamâre  
 âwe.  
 “ Mâro lât us qila' meñ, tum qeoṛhî tor girâwe.  
 Ek lât mâre Nirmal, darwâza tor girâwe,  
 130. Bhâge darwân chobdâr Bâdshâh ke khabar lagâwe.

Age Bâlâ, pâchhe pâyak Bâdshâh ke sîs nawâwe.

Baiṭhe Bâdshâh uṭhe bol :—“ Kyoñ ideoṛhî tor girâwe? ”

“ Lambâ Nirmal ; nîche du, ârî ; wuh kyoñkar andar âwe ?

Lagâ thakkar uske sir kâ, tere ideoṛhî tûṭ kar jâwe.”

Phirke Bâdshâh kahe bât :—“ Kyoñ sâgar par dhûm machâwe? ”

“ ’Ajab Hathîle Sayyid Birahnâ sâgar ke bîch nahâwe :  
“ Sâgar ke bîch un kiyâ ghusal, kyâ, sâgar bigar terâ jâwe ? ”

Phirke Bâdshâh kahe bât :—“ Kyoñ merî bâzâr luṭâwe ? ”

“ Nirmal Palihâr, eksang hamâr, dekhan tamâshâ jâwe ;

140. “ Sâre shahar kî khâ, i mîthâ, i, wâkâ nâhîn pet bhar jâwe.”

Mukh meñ rûmâl de, hañse Bâdshâh :—“ Bâlâ, achchhâ jawâb ham pâwe.”

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### BALLADE IX.

Hañske Bâdshâh uṭhe bol :—“ Bâlâ, achchhâ jawâb ham pâwe :

“ Jo mângrnâ ho, tû le lo, Bâlâ, adhik dâm dilâwe.”

Bâ, en adab se khaṛe hû, e aur sijdâ sîs nawâwe,

Kare kornish in kahe bât aur kahke sukhn sunâwe :

“ Lillî khâss bâs mahkânî, sunâ tumhâre ̄erâ :

“ Deo bakhshish bhaine ke tâ, in, sun, mâmû pyâre merâ ! ”

Am khâss par baiṭhe ḥakîm mâmû mujrâ lete bole :

“ Ghorâ leo karo aswâri ! tû kâ Lillî par bhole ?

150. “ Lillî, bâdpâ, oñ kî beṭî, chale pâ, uñ ke âge,

“ Lillî ke pâuñ paṛi paikarî, sher dekhkar bhâge.”

## BALLADE X.

Bâlâ Miyâñ, arz kare :—“ Pâ, ûñ, hukm, Lillî dekhan  
jâ, cñ ;

“ Je roz Lillî paidâ bha, î, Rabb karam likhâ more tâ,  
iñ ! ”

B-ismi-llâh ke kiyâ Fâtihâ, turant bhû, indhara khole ;

Man meñ khûsh-hâl bha, î Lillî ki Miyâñ Gâjanâ bole.

Pakar kes bâhar le â, eñ, sab log acharaj mâñâ ;

Lillî lâkar khañî kiyâ, dunyâ sab kareñ bakhânâ.

Oja, î mochî ke khabar bha, î, turant zîn le â, eñ :

“ Jo mângrâ ho, tû le lo, mochî, adhik dâm dilâ, eñ.”

160. “ An dhan lachmî Rabb bahut diyâ, mor donoñ ânkh  
sanwâro,

“ Pâhile, Bâlâ, mochî ke karo nihâl pîchhe ghorî kî  
or sidhâro.

Kholke kitâb parhâ Fâtiha Pîr Bahlîm chit lagâ, e.

Khul ga, e netra mochî kâ dunyâ ke acharaj â, e.

Sabzâ zîn, sabzâ bûtâ, sâbzâ sâj sohâtî,

Sabzâ dastâr Pîr sai sohe, û kalanghî paharâtî,

Bhâ, e aswâr Miyâñ, nikal ga, e, Makanpûr â, e,

167. Sijdâ kiyâ Shâh Madâr kâ :—“ Tûhî pâr lagâ, e ! ”

## THE QUEST OF THE MARE LILLI.

*BALLADE I.*

In a wild wood of holy basil the Warrior Lord followed the chase.

There did the Master, that was to be a mighty Captain, hear tell of the prowess of Lilli.

His hunting done, the Saint hied him to his home, and muttered with his lips :

“ All for want but of Lilli,” mused he in his heart, “ mine home is empty.”

And he drew his cloak over his head, and laid him down to sleep ; and trouble was established in his heart.

Full sorrowful waxed Mother Mâmal, for she wist not of the Master’s secret.

“ Child,” quoth she, “ hath some demon or ogre beset thee, that thou art fearful of them,

“ Or hath thine eye fallen upon some woman, that, at the sight of her face, thou lustest after her ? ”

“ No demon or ogre, mother,” spake the Master, “ hath crossed my path, nor at the sight of a face do I lust after her :

10. “ But the fortress of mine uncle, whom men call the King Mahmud, is established at Ghaznî ;

“ In his halls they tell of one Lilli ; ‘tis upon her that my heart is set.”

“ Arise, my son,” cried Mâmal, “ and eat this steaming porridge. Then straightway will I bring thee Lilli.”

And Sattar Mu’allâ, honest soul, brought him a goodly platter of food.

*BALLADE II.*

Then spake the Sainted Prince :—" Give ear, Mother Mâmal.

" Seek thou Lillî in mine uncle's halls, for there men say she dwelleth."

So Mother Mâmal made ready for the journey; and straightway they decked for her a gay litter,

And with the noise of pomp they set forth to escort the hallowed dame.

Wealth and riches, and goods and treasure, beyond all price, she bade them load.

And she conned the Holy Writ on the lecturn, and fixed her thoughts on it with all her heart.

20. As Mâmal set foot in Ghaznî's fort, she cried :—" Save thou mine honour, O Lord!"

And so sister met brother. " Manifold," she said, " is the forethought of the Lord my God."

With a laugh asked her brother :—" Why, Mâmal, whence hast thou turned thy foot?"

" My heart swelleth with joy," spake Mâmal, " and yet my conscience trembleth to behold thee, my brother.

" For the fame of Lillî hath spread abroad even as a rare fragrance. I have heard that she is in thine hall.

" Bestow her as a free gift upon thy sister's son, give ear, my beloved brother!"

" Not a black thread," spake Mahmûd, " have I that beareth the name of Lillî. Whence should she come unto my halls?"

" Ask me for wealth, I will give thee treasure, loading wains to the brim.

“ Ask me for land, I will give thee a province. Who hath spoken to thee of Lillî ?

“ Ask me for an elephant, I will give thee the very earth-shakers, with canopies to shade thee on their backs.

30. “ Ask for a charger, I will give thee a whole stall ; and string for thee a whole line of camels.”

Yet of all this throng of steeds, not one was to her heart.

“ The one stall,” she cried, “ whereon Mother Mâmal hath set her heart, that do thou show unto her, good brother.”

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*BALLADE III.*

Hollow-backed steeds of Cutch, steeds dark as musk, fleet Arabs, Turkish chargers, show-prancers, bays, raven coursers with snowy feet and a snowy star on their foreheads :

Shaggy cobs, ponies--nay, you had but to name a steed, and he would extol all its points.

“ Yon snow-white charger is named Bilkî, with teeth gleaming even as pearls :

“ The chestnut, dappled with sandal yellow, is the piebald Burrâqî.”

You had but to name the steed Dâlchînî, and he recounted its whole pedigree.

“ Yon bay courser is named Dâryâ, î and on it rideth the Saint of the shrine.”

“ But golden mail glittereth upon Lillî ; and her head-trappings fling abroad their shimmer.”

40. To and fro searched Mâmal ; yet found not her end, for all her entreaties,

And so she turned and came unto her son,  
 With Lilli still unwon, and her longing unfulfilled.  
 With a laugh Gâjan ran to meet her, crying :—“ Well,  
 mother, hast thou brought me Lilli ?”  
 “ In divers ways,” sobbed Mâmal, “ did I entreat the  
 gift : yet my brother hath not bestowed it.”  
 “ Go, mother,” cried the Saint, “ sit thee down in this  
 our hall, whoever it be to whom God shall grant  
 the day ;  
 For mine uncle’s city will I card like wool ; and I  
 will carry off Lilli, and then well may ye call me the  
 Warrior.”

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#### *BALLADE IV.*

The Heroes Five vaulted into the saddle and drew  
 taut the bowstring over the quiver.  
 And scarce gave they the heel to their chargers, than  
 they came unto the pool, where the king’s steeds  
 are watered.  
 There held the Master his Court, and by the pool  
 pitched his pavilion.  
 50. A pool so deep, that of his uncle’s henchmen not one  
 had fathomed it to the bottom.  
 To the west gazed the Master, and covered the water-  
 stairs with silver ;  
 To the east gazed the Master, and overlaid the water-  
 stairs with gold ;  
 To the south gazed the Master, and covered the water-  
 stairs with copper ;  
 To the north gazed the Master, and overlaid the water-  
 stairs with brass.

The Warrior Saint uprose and spake :—“ What, ho  
Sayyid Birahna ! go bathe in the middle of this  
pool.”

These words scarce heard, Sayyid Birahna donned  
his loin-cloth round his waist,  
And tight-drawn his loin-cloth, plunged down, to  
bathe, into the middle of the pool.

One dive took Sayyid Birahna, and fathomed it to  
the bottom.

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*BALLADE V.*

On the left with reverence stood Nirmal, and bowed  
his head in obeisance ;

60. His greetings done, he said his say, and thus he told  
his tale :—

“ If so be thy bidding, great Master, fain would I go  
see the fun in the market-place.”

The Warrior Saint uprose and spake :—“ Yea, but, seen  
the fun, straightway do thou return.”

With a reverence Nirmal departed, and ran off into the  
market-place.

His demon’s form he doffed, and donned the form of  
a man.

In the midst of the market-place he took his stand  
and all sorts and conditions of men ran thronging  
around him.

To a sweetmeat-seller he beckoned, and then confided  
to him :—

“ All the comfits that are in thy city, bring thou  
hither ;

“ For I would fain bring a peace-offering from the  
Warrior Saint to the pavilion of your king.”

These words scarce heard, the sweetmeat-seller waxed exceeding glad,

70. And of the whole city he brought together the comfits, and raised a mighty pile.

Then a sweetmeat-seller arose and spake :—“ Fair sir, needs must thou send for a hundred waggons.”

With a laugh cried Nirmal :—“ Nay, good fellow, I will eat off one or two comfits.”

“ This is not one or two,” cried the sweetmeat-seller, “ ‘tis the whole thou art eating. Off with thee ! See us paid by thy Master.”

These words scarce heard, Nirmal waxed exceeding wroth in his heart ;

His form of man he doffed, and donned his demon’s form.

One hand waved Nirmal, and half the comfits he devoured ;

The other hand waved Nirmal, and swept away the rest in a whirl of dust.

Half-a-dozen sweetmeat-sellers arose, and spake :—“ Fair sir, see us paid !”

A dozen sweetmeat-sellers he seized and banged their heads together.

80. Off scurried the sweetmeat-sellers, and fled to the High Bailiff.

#### BALLADE VI.

From his seat arose the High Bailiff and spake :—Ho there, good fellows ! What means this hubbub ?

On the left they stood with reverence, and bowed their heads in obeisance.

Their greetings done, they said their say, and thus they told their tale.

From his seat the High Bailiff comforted them, saying :—“Good fellows, I will see you paid !”

Half-a-dozen watchmen he sent forth to lay Nirmal by the heels.

The glitter of their bucklers beheld Nirmal, and waxed exceeding wroth in his heart ;

His arms and legs Nirmal whirled around, and laid low full a dozen ;

Off scurried the watchmen and fled to the High Bailiff, crying ;

“This is no man. He must be a demon ! None will he own for his master.”

90. These words scarce heard, the High Bailiff called for his charger ;

“Be he man or demon,” quoth he, “soon will we see whether he will not own me for his master !”

The glitter of the charger beheld Nirmal, and he waxed exceeding wroth in his heart.

He laid hold on the bridle. One wrench he gave. Over he rolled the High Bailiff in the dust.

Off scurried the High Bailiff, and fled to the King.

From his seat rose the King and spake :—“Good fellow, what means this hubbub ?”

On the left he stood with reverence, and bowed his head in obeisance ;

His greetings done, he said his say, and so he told his tale.

From his seat the King comforted him, saying :—“Good fellow, I will see thee paid !”

Scarce heard these words, off ran Nirmal to the Master,

On the left he stood with reverence, and bowed his head in obeisance ;

100. "Of the whole city," he complained, "have I gobbled up the comfits, and yet I cannot get my bellyful."

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*BALLADE VII.*

So the Master held his Court, and by the pool had pitched his pavilion,

When Mira Khor, the King's henchman, brought all the chargers to water ;

Then uprose the Warrior and spake :— "Good sir, ever wast thou my heart's beloved.

"Where dwelleth mine uncle's Lilli ? Prithee, tell me true."

Yet he, distraught with pride and insolence, long stood revolving his words,

Till the Master laid hold on his arm. One wrench he gave, and soon, I ween, did the henchman tell the secret of Lilli :

"Beneath seven cellars she dwelleth, great Master, and none hath fathomed them to the bottom ;

"On the end of a pole give they Lilli her oats, and pour her water down a tube ;

"Seven demons sit on guard over her, and seven hobgoblins daily come to tend her ;

110. "On Easter-day Lilli is let loose, and owneth none for her master ;

"Many, I trow, the warriors of the King ! yet one and all hath she laid in the dust ;

"At her own time and at her own tide doth she return to her stall."

Then the Master released Mira Khor, and he fled to the King's pavilion.

His turban he flung at the King's feet, and played the tale-bearer, whimpering ;

“ Thy chargers die of thirst—yet where shall I water them ?

“ A handful of urchins have come, God knows whence ! and raise a bluster at the pool ;

“ And when I scolded them, they all but wrenched off my arm.”

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### *BALLADE VIII.*

Then from his throne uprose the King and spake :—

“ Ho, harbinger ! lay me this young Master by the heels.”

With a salute the harbinger departed, and hurried to the pool.

120. On the left he stood with reverence, and bowed his head in obeisance ;

His greetings done, he spake ;—“ Come, the King summoneth thee.”

These words scarce heard, the Master waxed exceeding glad,

“ Sayyid Birahna ! Ajab Salar !” he called, “ come, the King summoneth me.”

Yet as the Master hied him forth to the castle, Nirmal confronted him on the road, saying ;

“ Fair sirs, ye wend your way to the castle. To me what is your bidding ?”

Seventy yards doth Nirmal measure, and with his top-knot tips the heavens.

With a laugh spake the Warrior Saint :—“ Good fellow, come with me.

“ Give yon castle a kick, and knock down the portal.” One kick gave Nirmal, and knocked down the gate-way ;

130. Off scurried the gate-keepers and mace-bearers to carry the tidings to the King.

First the Master, then the harbinger did obeisance unto the King.

From his throne uprose the King and spake :—“ Why hast thou knocked down my gate-way ? ”

“ A long devil is Nirmal,” quoth the Master, “ and low is thy door-way. How was he to enter ? ”

“ He knocked his head against the lintel, and it was thy door-way that broke in pieces.”

Again spake the King :—“ Why didst thou raise a bluster at the pool ? ”

“ Ajab Haṭhile Sayyid Birahnâ,” quoth the Master, “ bathed in the middle of the pool.

“ In the middle of the pool he bathed ; prithee, hath that harmed thy pool ? ”

Again spake the King :—“ Why didst thou plunder my market-place ? ”

“ Nirmal Palihâr,” quoth the Master, “ is my comrade-in-arms, and he went to see the fun of the fair.

140. “ True it is that of the whole city he devoured the comfits, yet never got he his bellyful.”

Then the King hid his face in his kerchief and laughed, saying :—“ Good Master, I am well answered.”

*BALLADE IX.*

With a laugh uprose the King and spake :—“ Good Master, I am well answered !

“ Name thy desire, good Master, for I will bestow on thee plenteous guerdon.”

On the left he stood with respect, and bowed his head in obeisance ;

His greetings done, he said his say, and thus he told his tale :—

“ The fame of Lilli hath spread abroad even as a rare fragrance ; I have heard that she is in thy hall.

“ Bestow her as a free-gift on thy sister’s son ; give ear, my beloved uncle ! ”

Over rich and poor his uncle was sitting at the receipt of custom, and spake :—

“ Take thou a courser and ride him ; why art thou distraught on Lilli ?

150. “ Lilli, daughter of a storm-footed charger, outstrippeth the winds,

“ And on Lilli’s foot is such a fetter that the very lions flee at the sight.”

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*BALLADE X.*

The Master pleaded, saying :—“ If so be thy bidding, I fain would see Lilli ;

“ For what time Lilli was born, the Lord recorded her as destined for me.”

In the name of God he repeated the opening prayer, and straightway the cellars started open.

In her heart Lilli was gladdened, thinking ; “ ’Tis the Master speaketh ! ”

And he seized her by the mane, and led her out, and all men were amazed.

He led forth Lilli and halted her ; and all the world spake his praises.

Unto Oja, i, the blind leather-seller, came the tidings ; and straightway he brought a saddle.

“ Name thy desire, leather-seller,” quoth the Master, “ for I will bestow on thee plenteous guerdon.”

160. “ Full garners and wealth,” spake the leather-seller, “ hath the Lord bestowed on me without stint. “ Heal thou both mine eyes.

“ First, Master, gladden the leather-seller’s heart, then hie thee to thy charger.”

The mighty Saint flung open the hallowed scroll, and read out the opening prayer with all his heart ;

And the eyes of the leather-seller were unsealed, and all the world marvelled.

Green the saddle, green the broidery, green the glitter of the trappings ;

Green flashed the turban as befits a Saint, while nodded a jewelled plume.

The Master vaulted into the saddle, and passed forth, and came unto Makanpur ;

167. And made obeisance before the living Saint, saying :— “ Thou alone hast brought me to my goal ! ”

PART V.

THE DOWNFALL OF KING BANÅR.



## PART V.

## THE DOWNFALL OF KING BANÂR.

THE overthrow of King Banâr and his idol Sobhanâth, in countless variants, is perhaps the most popular subject of minstrels and story-tellers at Benares. King Banâr, quite apart from this legend, is the eponymous hero of the city ; and Sobhanâth is one of the titles of Shiva, of whose worship Benares is the chief stronghold. The name has been selected, however, from a confused reminiscence of *Somnâth*, where, as readers of *Farishta* will recollect, Mahmûd of Ghaznî earned the title of the “Image-breaker” by an exploit which is palpably the model of the present episode. It would be easy to demonstrate, from numerous instances, that the destruction of temples and idols, attributed to the Warrior Saint, is a conscious reproduction of the iconoclasm of Aurangzeb, over the living effects of which every Magistrate of Benares has expended a stock of impatient language. I select, as a single instance, the statement that “Bisheshar leapt into a well,” which is an obvious allusion to the submerged figure of Vishwanâth, popularly supposed to have flung itself into a tank, no doubt with the assistance of its priests, in order to avoid desecration at the hands of the approaching Aurangzeb. I would add that, unlike the other exploits, the present does not constitute a single poem, but a collection of snatches of different *ballades*, which, I think, carry us over the main outlines of the story. There are, however, certain well-known episodes, which I have never discovered versified,

though I have often heard them as narratives. Two examples may be interesting : *firstly*, the “Downfall of King Dânû ;” and *secondly*, the “Miracle that Missed Fire.”

*The Downfall of King Dânû.*—King Dânû’s castle was at Kantit, overhanging the Ganges, across the Mirzâpûr border. His tyranny and bigotry were such that he forbade all believers to bathe in the sacred river. To effect this purpose, he ordered every believer to be ferried over with his hands and feet pinioned. The Warrior Saint was strolling about the river-bank, and quietly began to wash his feet and rinse his mouth in the water. “Hi ! Hi !” cried the watchmen, “is this dog spitting on the breast of Mother Ganges ?”

They hurried him off into the castle before King Dânû. “Away with him,” cried the tyrant ; “cut off his hands and feet, that they may never again pollute the hallowed river.” The Warrior Saint breathed the Opening Prayer. At the first words, his fetters were unloosed. At the second, every charger fell dead in the stables. At the third, the host was destroyed. At the fourth, the castle tumbled thundering in ruins. King Dânû fled in terror to Bijaypûr, where his line still continues ;\* but the site of the Kantit Castle remains desolate, save for the bloated figure of an elephant which, for some reason, bellows lustily on the evening of the Diwâlî.

*The Miracle that Missed Fire.*—The Warrior Saint felled the idol Sobhanâth with a kick. “Mercy !” cried the trembling monster, “I will be thy bondsman. Tell

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\* It was owing to the kindness of my friend the present Raja of Kantit, upon whose hospitality I look back with nothing but pleasure, that I was placed in possession of this rustic fable, which, of course, defies all chronology.—Author.

me what is thy command ? ” The Saint pondered. “ Fetch me,” he spoke, “ some water-of-life (*ab-i-hayyât*). ” The stupid monster, believing that water-of-life could, of course, mean nothing but the sacred water of the Ganges (*Gangâ jal*), rushed off towards the river, which fled in terror at his mistake. “ Stop ! Stop ! ” cried the Saint, “ invoke the aid of *Khwâja Khizr*, or if that name be too hard for thee, call but *Khwâja ! Khwâja !* ” The idol, of course, made a sad jumble of the Persian letters. “ *Khâjâ ! Khâjâ !* ” he yelled lustily. The heavens, therefore, by mistake, instead of water-of-life, showered down the sweetmeat known as *khâjâ*. The Saint, though annoyed at the failure of his best miracle, turned it off with a ready witticism—“ *Achchhâ, khâ jâ,* ” he laughed, “ eat and be thankful.”

Really, after this, I think we had better get on with the text.

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### BALLADE I.

Kâshî nagar ke des meñ jor kufr kî birâjî ;  
 Garh Gâjan meñ hâl sunnan pâ, î Miyân Gâjî ;  
 “ Kâshî kâ râjâ barâ hai sha,etân,  
 “ Sobhanâth ke Muslim kâ det hai baldân.”  
 Sunke kop uþhe Miyân Gâjî, pach bâr naubat bâjî,  
 Sang ke yâr sab hû,e ȝayyâr, laqne ke hû,e râjî.  
 Lillî par tang kaswâwe Gâjana, sajwâwe turkî tâjî ;  
 Niyat khair kâ parhâ Fâtiha, chale toðan kufr ke Gâjî.  
 Chale fauj, jab â,e Jaunpûr, ûhân mile Bâbâ Hâjî :  
 10. Bâlâ Miyân ke du’ â dîn : “ Bâlâ, jît howe tumhârî  
 bâjî.”  
 ’Ala, ipûr meñ thâna karte, ûhân mile sabhî Sûba  
 Kâjî ;

Kâlbhairo kâ kâ kahûn hâl ? â,e kutte par Kâsî-Kot-wâl ; " Hampar karo gharîb-nawâjî ! "

Bole Mâmûl kâ lâl ; " Suno, Bhairo Kâl ! kaho Kâsî kâ hâl mose sâjî.

" Sobhanâth kahân hai tuhâr ? kahân Râjâ Banâr kahân base donoñ pâjî ? "

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### BALLADE II.

Parhe numâj so,e Gâjanâ, gujrî rât jab âdhî,  
Ek buṛhiyâ bare dhûm se rache beṭe kî apne shâdî.

Hañs hañs dân luṭâwe buṛhiyâ, sai det mubârak-bâdî,  
Ro ro bhîtar baiṭhe buṛhiyâ, sai kare Allâh kî faryâdî.  
Itne meñ nînd khulî Bâle kî, jâge Birahnâ raswâdi.

20. Pûchhin hâl hawâl buṛhiyâ se ; " Kâ hañstî, kâ rotî nekjâdî ? "

Ro,e ro,e hâl kahin mâtâ ; " Râjâ hai kâfir fasâdî !

" Sobhanâth ke baldân det hai Mussulmân, shahar ke kare barbâdî.

" Mor chha thoṛ lâl, ho,e ga,e halâl, kâlkh sâtwefî kî bâjî munâdî.

" Ajâ,e dût, lejâ,e pût — Kâ karihûn pyâre kî shâdî ? " .

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### BALLADE III.

Lâge dard Pîr dil ânâ.

Kahe ; " Ammâ, gâwe suhânâ !

" Awe sippayyâ, to hameñ batânâ,  
Nâ to hâth kâ ḥarâm hai khânâ."

So,e Gâjanâ, buṛhiyâ â,î,

30. Rattyâ afsos meñ ginwâ,î,

Tarke sippayyâ â,e dapeṭâ ;  
 “ Hâjir kai de apan beṭâ ! ”  
 Burhiyâ Gâjana dekhe leṭâ,  
 Tap tap roke ḥukm nametâ,  
 Dihâ Bâle ke batâ,e.  
 Miyâñi lage pâyak â,e,  
 Hâthe palange par lagâ,e.  
 So,e ajmat Pîr dikhlâ,e,  
 Pal meñ sippayyâ andh ho,e jâ,e,  
 40. Dâhineñ bâ, en girte jâ,e,  
 Bârî bîch meñ râh nâ pâ,e.  
 Haurâ sunke Miyân jâge,  
 Awe sippayyâ najur ke âge ;  
 Miyân dil meñ rahm lâge,  
Ghusṣa dilon bîch se bhâge.  
 Parhe Fatihâ netra khole,  
 Hâthe sipayyâ pakaṛ ke bole ;  
 “ Tum mat daro hamse, bhâ,î ! ”  
Khaṭâ mâlik kâ to bâ,e,  
 50. Râjâ hameñ det bulâ,e,  
 Chalo Râjâ lag ham jâ,e.”

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#### BALLADE IV.

Râjâ Banâr to rahe koṭe,  
 Sâthe Sobhanâth garabh ke moṭe.  
 Dharke le chalâ sipâ,î ;  
 Agam Râjâ ke janâ,î.  
 Râjâ kahtâ ; “ Sobhanâth bhâ,î,  
 “ Dhâ,î Turukâ ke â,e ! ”

Sobhanâth hañske bolîñ bât ;

“ Râjâ, pûjâ karo pât ;

60. “ Kâhe Turukâ kai bisât ?

“ Mârab, tûte jâ,e dât !

“ Râjâ, jâno itnî bât,

“ Apnâ pûjâ karo dhyân lau lâ,e.”

Boliñ âge Dasasumer ;

“ Râjâ banke baiþho ser !

“ Mârab Turukâ ke gher,

“ Jîyat jâ,e nâ ghar pher,

“ Gangâ kiryâ, Râjâ Râm kî duhâ,i !

Dete Râjâ sab dilâsâ ;

70. “ Râjâ, mat karo nirâsâ,

“ A,e Turukâ jarrâ sâ,

“ Baiþhe dekho tu tamâsâ,

“ Deb jîyat gor meñ to pawâ,i !’

Tab jâ,e pahunche Miyân Bâlâ,

Sang Birahnâ matwâlâ,

Bândhe sâng barchî bhâlâ,

Kândhe lohlangar bane âlâ,

Dekhat Sobhanâth bhae kâlâ,

Mare ñar ke chale dhartî meñ samâ,i.

80. Birahnâ bândhe mashukai ñor

Daure Sobhanâth kî or ;

“ Kyoñ tû bhâge pâjî chor ?

“ Deotâ haigâ âdam-khor.”

Kahke mârâ hai Birahnâ lât ghusâ,i

Tût jâ, e Sobhanâth kai dât

Jhar jhânke patke mâth

Ghañi ghañi joþe Miyân se hâth ;

“ Jin tû mârab, Miyân, lât !  
 “ Ham apan pûjâ chhoṛab pât,  
 90. “ Ab ham chalte tuhre sâth,  
 “ Kahte kalimâ, lete nâm Khudâ, î ! ”

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*BALLADE V.*

Bâlâ Râjâ ke farmâ,e ;  
 “ Is dam apan hukm lagâ,e,  
 “ Deo Sobhanâth ke bulâ,e,  
 “ Jo kuchh mânge use khilâ,e ;  
 “ Mânge khûn, ham apan dilâ,e,  
 “ Mânge dûdh, khûn-khwâr tû sâbiṭ bâ,e.  
 Râjâ bole tab ghabrâ,e ;  
 “ Wuh to patthal hai banâ,e,  
 100. “ Tuhre lag wuh kaisan jâ,e ?  
 “ Khûn ki dûdh wuh kaisan khâ,e ? ”  
 Bâlâ châbuk det uṭhâ,e ;  
 “ Sobhanâth, dûdh ki khûn tû khâ,e ?  
 Châbuk dekh Sobhanâth ghabrâ,e,  
 Hâth jor daure bintî manâ,e ;  
 “ Bâlâ, thorâ dûdh pilâ,e,  
 “ Ham to kabhû khûn nâ khâ,e  
 “ Nâhaqq hameñ det batâ,e,  
 “ Apan khushî khûn bahâ,e ! ”  
 110. Bâlâ badhnâ dûdh mangwâ,e,  
 Sobhanâth apan pâs bulâ,e,  
 Kahan ; “ Kalima do parhâ,e,  
 “ B-ismi-llâh kahke dûdh tû khâ,e.”  
 Gor par gire Sobhanâth â,e

Pach bâr kalima det manâ,e,  
 B-ismi-llâh kahke dûdh wuh khâ,e,  
 Al-hamdu-li-llâh kahte jâ,e.

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*BALLADE VI.*

Naubat bâjî Miyân Gâjî, sunke kâmpe deotâ sab  
 tharthar;

Jhunkhen jhunkhen ro, eñi bahut, chû,i ansû ânkh se  
 jharjhar.

120. Benî Mâdho kahin Dasasumer se; “Bhâ,i, jin kar  
 Turukâ se sarbar !”

Aur Chaube sab chalen bhâg, nâhîn Mussulmân  
 kareñi dhardhar.

Mañhai mañh dihâ chhoñ, shivâlay chale bhâg sab  
 dardjar.

Mahâbîr chhipe Gangâ tîr, jâ, e kuân meñ gire Bishe-  
 shar;

Bhaguâ chhoñ Bhagwân purâne Mahâdeo bhâge, bol  
 Har ! Har !

Sayyid Birahnâ leke lohlangar toڑe deotan ke ghar-  
 ghar.

Kitnâ deotâ ban meñ bhâg ga,e, kitne Gangâ meñ  
 dûbe marmar !

Debî Durgâ leke murgâ sinni donâ bharbhar :

“Hampar rahm karo Miyân Gâjî, tere ghorwan ke  
 dânâ debeñi dardar.”

Lâge dard mard Gâjî ke, dihâ chhoñ nâknishânî kar-  
 kar.

## BALLADE VII.

130. Râjâ dil meñ 'aql daurâyâ, Bahman Pañdit ko bulwâyâ,  
 Poñhî aur najm khulwâyâ, tab kuchh hâl Pîr kâ páyâ.  
 Bahman Pañdit najm batlâyâ, hâl sabhoñ ne sunâyâ ;  
 " Gâjî Miyân hai unpar to âp Khudâ kâ sâyâ !  
 " Jawân 'aurat yahân bulâ,o," najûmiyoñ ne farmâyâ.  
 Kâfir beghairat sabhoñ ne 'aurat apnî pahun châyâ ;  
 Behayâ khare kihin 'aurat ke, nañge mâdarzâd taha-  
 lâyâ !  
 Pañchoñ Pîr uthke pahile to numâj parhâyâ,  
 Jab 'aurat par pañi najur, sir kâtke apan jeb men  
 dhâyâ.  
 Tab Pañchoñ Pîr sâtoñ Râjâ se jañg meñ barâbar âyâ.

140. Inhî aswâr ghoñwan ke ûpar Râjâ hâthî halâyâ.  
 Bâdal sai ran dal juñe, tîran mâro chhâyâ.  
 Ure Lillî haude ûpar, uparai mâr machhâyâ.  
 Niyat khair pañhe Fâtîha Bâlâ sâng ghumâyâ ;  
 Sar kâtâ sâton Râjâ kâ, lothan garad milâyâ.  
 Sab randal phirke bhae tâkeñ, koñ lothan lage nahin  
 âyâ.  
 Râjghât kâ qila' ulañ diyâ Bâlâ, ek unglî se girâyâ ;  
 Tab sar apan jeb se nikâlke gale meñ baithâyâ  
 148. Aur shukr bhejâ Shâh Mâdar kâ ki Tûhî par lagâyâ !

## BALLADE I.

In the realm of Kâshî reigned the terror of unbelief ;  
 In his fortress of Ghaznî the Warrior Saint heard these  
 tidings ;  
 " The King of Kâshî is a very devil ;  
 " Unto Sobhanâth he offers up sacrifice of believers."

And as he heard these tidings, the Warrior Saint uprose in anger ; and five times thundered his kettle-drum ;

Of his comrades-in-arms every man was ready and eager for the fray.

Then the Warrior Saint bade them tighten Lilli's girths, and caparison their chargers ;

But one devout prayer he breathed, and the Warrior was afoot to break down unbelief !

Forth sped the host, and when they came unto Jaunpur, there the Pilgrim Father met them ;

10. Unto the Master he gave his blessing, saying ; "Master, mayest thou win thy stake !"

And as they encamped them at 'Alaipur, there all the law-givers of the provinces met them ;

What shall I say of Kâlbhairo ? He, High Bailiff of Kâshî, came riding on his dog-charger, crying :— " Have mercy upon us ! "

Then spake the son of Mâmal ; " Give ear, Bhairo Kâl ! of Kâshî, prithee tell me true :

" Where is your vaunted Sobhanâth ? Where is King Banâr ? Where dwelleth this brace of miscreants ? "

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### *BALLADE II.*

His orisons spoken, the Warrior slumbered. When the night was half spent,

An old good-wife, with much ado, was holding the wedding of her son.

With many a laugh the good-wife would bid the throng scramble for largess, and a hundred times would she say ; " God bless you ! "

Then again with many a tear would the good-wife sit within, and a hundred times cry to God for succour.

So it was that the Master's slumber was broken, and Birahnâ awoke ready for a quarrel ;

20. And they asked the good-wife what had befallen, saying :—“ Why dost thou laugh and then weep, good mother ? ”

With many a tear the old mother told her tale, sobbing :—“ Our King is an unbelieving brawler ! ”

“ Unto Sobhanâth he offereth believers as sacrifice, and so makes havoc of the city.

“ My six little boys have already been butchered. Yestereve the seventh hath been proclaimed by beat of drum ;

“ The emissary of death will come and carry off my child—Ah me ! Why should I bestir me about my darling's wedding ? ”

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### *BALLADE III.*

Sorrow 'gan beset the heart of the Saint.

He spake :—“ Mother, sing thy wedding strain ; ”

“ When the beadle cometh, do thou point to me,

“ Else accursed be the food eaten at thy hand ! ”

So the Warrior fell asleep. The old housewife drew nigh unto him,

30. And counted out the hours of the night in sorrow.

At peep of day came the beadle and snarled ;

“ Bring forth thy son ! ”

The old housewife saw the Warrior lying,

And with streaming eyes she broke the hest,

And pointed to the Master.  
 The emissary drew nigh unto the Master,  
 And upon the couch he placed his hand ;  
 But, even asleep, the Saint shewed a sign of power ;  
 For, in a twinkling, the beadle was smitten blind ;

40. Right and left he groped staggering,  
 And amid the orchard could not find his path.  
 At the sound of the hubbub the Master awoke,  
 And the beadle met his gaze.  
 Then was the Master's heart beset with sorrow,  
 And all anger fled from his breast.  
 One opening prayer he breathed and unsealed the  
 man's eyes,  
 And clasped the beadle by the hand and spake ;  
 “ Fear nought of me, brother !  
 “ Verily the sin is thy master's.

50. “ Doth the King call for me ?  
 “ Come, let us to the King.”

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*BALLADE IV.*

King Banâr sat in his castle,  
 With him Sobhanâth bloated with pride.  
 So the beadle led away the Master ;  
 But the King had an inkling of what was to come,  
 And spake :—“ Brother Sobhanâth,  
 “ A power of Turks hath come.”  
 Sobhanâth laughed and answered ;  
 “ Sir prince, perform thy devotions ;

60. “ Small truck, I ween, are these Turks ;

“One blow, and I will break in their teeth !

“Be assured of that, sir prince.

“Nay, perform thy devotions and be of good cheer.”

Then outspake Dasasumer ;

“Play thou the King and sit unmoved ;

“For, if but once I smite these Turks,

“Not one will go back home alive,

“I swear it on the Ganges, and call King Râma to witness !”

So all were giving solace to the King, saying ;

70. “Sir prince, be not downcast ;

“There hath come but a handful of Turks.

“Sit thou still and watch the fun of the fair,

“For without a blow will we clap their legs into the stocks !”

Then it was that the Master arrived,

With him Birahnâ, drunk as ever,

Girt with trident and javelin and lance,

His shoulder aglitter with a friar’s chain.

At the sight Sobhanâth turned ashy,

And in terror buried himself beneath the earth.

80. Birahnâ tied a rope in a slip-knot,

And rushed upon Sobhanâth, crying ;

“Why flee’st thou, scoundrel of a thief ?

“A fine demon art thou and devourer of men !”

As he spake, Birahnâ smote him with foot and fist,

And dashed in were the teeth of Sobhanâth.

With many a helpless glance he smote his head on the ground,

And ever clasped his hands before the Master, beginning ;

“ Kick me not, fair sir !

“ Verily I will forsake my devotions.

90. “ Henceforth will I follow thee,  
“ Ever repeating the creed and calling on the name of  
thy God ! ”

*BALLADE V.*

Then spake the Master unto the King ;

“ Even now do thou give thy hest,

“ And call Sobhanâth to thy side.

“ Whatsoever he shall ask, do thou give it to him to  
eat ;

“ Ask he for blood, I will offer mine own ;

“ Ask he for milk, thou art a proven shedder of blood.”

Then spake the King bewildered ;

“ Why, he is fashioned of stone !

100. “ How shall he wend him to thy side ?

“ How shall he drink either blood or milk ? ”

The Master uplifted his scourge and cried ;

“ Sobhanâth, drinkest thou milk or blood ? ”

At the sight of the scourge Sobhanâth was terrified,

And, clasping his hands, ran forward with entreaty ;

“ Great Master,” he cried, “ give me a little milk to  
drink,

“ Never yet have I drunk blood,

“ Of his malice doth he name me as the cause,

“ Of his own pleasure doth he bid blood to flow.”

110. Then the Master called for a goblet of milk,

And called Sobhanâth unto his side,  
 And spake :—“ Do thou repeat the creed  
 “ Give thanks in the name of my God and drink this  
 milk.”

Sobhanâth drew nigh and fell at his feet ;  
 Five times did he repeat the creed ;  
 In the name of God he gave thanks and drank the  
 milk,  
 And drew back, crying :—“ Praise to the Lord ! ”

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*BALLADE VI.*

Loud thundered the kettle-drum of the Warrior Saint,  
 and at the sound every idol trembled in terror ;  
 With many a sob they wept their fill, and tear-drops  
 dripped and trickled from their eyes.

120. Quoth Beni Mâdho to Dasasumer :—“ Brother, strive  
 not against these Turks ! ”

And every pilgrim-father fled for fear that the Faith-  
 ful were at his heels.

So they forsook cloister and fane, and all fled in  
 terror to the temple of Shiva ;

Mahabîr hid on the banks of the Ganges, and Bishe-  
 shar flung himself into a well ;

Bhagwân flung off his very breech-clout to run the  
 faster into the ancient fane of the Great God, cry-  
 ing :—“ Heaven defend us ! ”

Sayyid Birahnâ uplifted his friar’s chain and shivered  
 house after house of the gods.

How many the gods that fled into the forests ! How  
 many that plunged into the Ganges and yet were  
 drowned !

Durga Debî brought a charger, loaded with a cock  
and comfits and strings of betel, crying ;

“Have pity upon me, Warrior Saint ! I will grind the  
oats to feed thy steeds.”

Then pity seized upon the Warrior Saint and he  
spared her, only slashing off her nose.

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*BALLADE VII.*

130. Deep pondered the King in his heart, and called for  
his priests and doctors ;

Their scrolls and their star-lore he bade them unfold.

Then he gained an inkling of the power of the  
Saint.

The priests and the doctors read the stars, and thus  
they proclaimed their answer ;

“On the Warrior Saint resteth the shadow of God  
himself.

“Call hither your comeliest virgins !” Such was the  
bidding of the star-seers.

All the unbelievers, lost to shame, brought up their  
women-folk,

And shamelessly they drew up their women disrobed,  
and bade them walk abroad naked as from their  
mothers' womb.

Then the Heroes Five uprose, and first they breathed  
a prayer ;

When upon the women fell their gaze, they cut off  
their own heads and placed them in their pockets ;

Then the Heroes Five entered the lists with all the  
seven princes on equal terms ;

140. And upon them, mounted but on chargers, the  
King urged his elephant ;

Even as a thunder-cloud the hosts gathered, and arrows darkened the sun like a wedding canopy above them ;

But the mare Lilli flew up on the tower on the King's elephant, and there aloft 'gan battle.

With heart unspotted the Master breathed the opening prayer, and brandished round his trident, And cut off the heads of all seven princes, and laid low their corpses in the dust.

Then did all the host cast their eyes backward, and none drew nigh unto the corpses.

The fortress of Rajghat did the Master overthrow ; with but one finger he dashed it to the ground ;

Then forth from his pocket he drew his head, and upon his neck he placed it,

148. And sent up a prayer of thanksgiving to the Living Saint, saying :—“Thou alone hast brought me to my goal !”



PART VI.

THE WARRIOR SAINT'S WEDDING.



## PART VI.

## THE WARRIOR SAINT'S WEDDING.

THIS touching song was composed by Shâh Muham-mad and sung by Khushihâl Bans. Its subject is the wedding and martyrdom of the Warrior Saint, in which the orthodox traditions are closely followed. The opening verses, however, contain a pretty variant of the story of his birth on the one hand, rejecting the coarser details of the navel-string, and on the other, interweaving a vision, wherein Mâmal is taunted by a circle of those shepherds whose slaughter was to provoke her son to hurry from his wedding to the fatal battle-field. The whole legend, touching as it appears, is, of course, an angle by Muslim minstrels for the suffrages of the Hindu populace, with whom there is nothing like a "rescue of the cow" for baiting the line. No one is struck by the absurdity of a story in which a Mussulman hero, with his burnt-offerings at the Heifer Festival (Baqara 'Id) is supposed to follow the hue and cry to the rescue of a cow. Just as the Pali-hâr legend is, to a great extent, paste and scissors from the Ramâyana, so the present, as evidenced by the names of Jâso and Nanda, has indented largely on the story of Krishna.

## BALLADE I.

Jâge bans Mâmal ke, jab hû,e Gâjan aise pût :  
 Kât kufr islâm kiyâ, bhâge deo dânû sab dût.  
 Rahe Gâjan pîr bâle bhole lârle Sâlâr ;  
 Nit uṭh Mâmal pyâr kare : "Mujhe bakhshâ Zînda  
 Shâh Madâr."

Sâhû Sâlâr se, arz kare Mâmal : "Mânûn tumh'râ  
 ihsân.  
 "Shâdi kâ sâmân karo, hat jâ,e dil kâ armân."  
 Karte sâmân armân bharî : "Nâ rahâ Ghâzî, hai  
 merâ !  
 "Jag rahe bidhans, bans ke khâtir sahûñ bipat ghan-  
 erâ.  
 "Kokhyâ khâtir dukhyâ ho,e, nikalûñ phirûñ mulk  
 chaupherâ.

10. "Maiñ to pîr faqîr Allâh-walî manâûñ thahar thahar  
 sab herâ.  
 "Phirke chaupherâ Ajmîr jâ pahuncheûñ, jahwâñ  
Khwâja kâ derâ.  
 "Maiñ to kî, ûñ salâm. Nâm le, ûñ Khwâja kâ. Mâ-  
 nûñ murâd : 'Ek bans bin jag hai andherâ !'  
 "Mujhe milâ jawâb shitâb rauze se : 'Jâ, Mâmal,  
 ghar ! nâhîn kuchh qâbû merâ.'  
 "Meri tûti âs. Ghar chale, ûñ nirâs. Mujhe Jamun  
 Jati ne pherâ.  
 "Mujhe diyâ dilâsâ : 'Pujîheñ âsâ, ai Mâmal, hai  
 Rabb kâ khiyâl ghanerâ !'  
 "Maiñ to Zînda Shâh Madâr kî chaukhaṭh chûme, ûñ.  
 Mânûñ murâd : 'Morî pûje âs dil kerâ.'  
 "Maiñ to shewâ tâhal kî, ûñ, Zînda kî laṭeñ se darbâr  
 buhârûñ subh o shâm, donoñ terâ.

“ Maiñ to Shahanshâh kâ chillâ bândhûñ, kuchh din kî, ûñ pachherâ ;

“ Merâ Rabb şâhib kâ khel 'aja,ib, qudrat kî bahtî daryâo, jahwâñ rahe nâo nâ berâ.

20. “ Mujhe Zînda Shâh Madâr kî milî bashârat : ‘ Qismat thoñk, mâro ghoñta, Mâmal, le lo ! barâ,e hîrâ motî lâl, jo shauq man terâ.’

“ Nihurâ,î mâth, jab dâlûñ hâth, jab se âgam bhawâ anjhorâ

“ Mujhe Zînda Shâh Madâr kâ hû,â hukm thâ : ‘ Karo nahân, Mâmal, â, iho Hajj sawerâ.’

“ Harakat shâ,etânî nindyâ alsânî, so ga, ûñ beñe sang. Hogayâ Hajj sawerâ.

“ Tuk lagî ânkh. Khwâb ek dekhûñ. A,e Gwâlo chherâ :

“ Byâh ke roz Shahîd hoñge Bahlîm, kar sang fauj darerâ !

“ Yehî chûke, ûñ. Qaul bhûl bhawâ mose. Rahâ adin kâ pherâ.

“ Jî, erâ dharake, âgam lûhke, â,e wuhî jûn, wuhî berâ.

“ Tum Sayyid 'Umar ghar bhejo khabar ab. Mat lâ,o kuchh berâ !”

Kahe Sâhû Sâlâr : “ Mâmal rahe qarârse, bhalî ghañî se chherâ :

30. “ Mujhe fîkr soch roz din lâge, charhe Gâjan sir saherâ.”

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*BALLADE II.*

Kahî Mayyâ Mâmal Sâhû Sâlâr se : “ Mâno bât hamârî :

“ Sayyid 'Umar ghar bhejo khabar, ab karo byâh kî tayyârî.”

Kahî Mayyâ Mâmal Sâhû Sâlâr se : " Bahman bulwâ  
Io hâlî."

Pâ,ik ek bhej, Bahman bulwâ,e ; de bai'he ko âkhat  
dharâwe thâlî.

" Tum pothî khol dekho, Bahman, le dekh Bed kî  
châlî."

Bahman hoshyâr lâgâ karne shumâr, ginâ gintî, mâs  
sambhâlî :

" Jetî mâs din parâ ittiwâr, Mâmal, sajjo barât, bhejo  
barî o dâlî ;

" Yihî khûsh-khabarî kah do 'Umar ghar ; mâng leo  
chhâp rumâlî."

Beore kâ bhed ek hû,â zâhir ; hoîhe honîwâlî :

40. " Jih din Gâjan â,iheñ byâhan, ho,iheñ mâr dâhâr,  
aise u'the fauj, jaise ghaṭâ ho kâlî,

" Sûr bîr ran pâ,eñ ghâo, kârheñ badanoñ kî lâlî,

" Gâjan khiñcheñ teghâ, loth gireñ, gire pare añg, jang  
meñ ho,e unjyâlî."

Beore kâ bhed yihî hû,â zâhir, ho,iheñ honîwâlî.

Bed kâ kahâ hot hai wuhî jekî nirmal jât nirâlî.

Bidhnâ kâ likhâ makkhî nâ tale hai ; jâ, iheñ Bed nâ  
khâlî.

### BALLADE III.

Fîkr soch kî bât Mâmal dil se diyâ bhulâ,î.

Rît rasm karne lâgî, so ubtan diyâ charhâ,î.

Kahî Mayyâ Mâmal : " Karo kâm, ab honî ho, so  
ho,e.

" Dekh le, ûñ jilwâ Pîr Bahlîm kâ, ab râkhe Khudâ yâ  
kho,e."

50. Dekh dekh Pîr Bahlîm ko Mâmal ghaṛî hañsî, ghaṛî  
ro,e.

Phir dil ko thâm, kâm yih karti, le pâni muñh dho,e.  
 Ji,ûrâ khol, ji, â samjhâwe : " Hîrâ moti bâl piro,e  
 " Sabhî luṭâ,e de,ûñ Gâjan par, partî khet bo,âwe :  
 " Upaje dhan mân, kareñ kalol : jâ,iheñ Gâjan, jaise  
 âgam morâ batlâwe."

Chun chun mâlin bel kali se 'atr gulâb karmo,e ;  
 Dharâ pâs se pâs Gâjan ke, Gâjan pîr bel kali meñ  
 mohe.

Das pâñch sakhî jhaleñ benyâñ, Gâjan sukh nindyâ  
 so,e.

Sayyid 'Umar ghar Rânî Zuhrâ baiṭhî Gâjan ko johe.

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*BALLADE IV.*

Likh likh Mâmal neotâ pathâwe, khabar bha,e sajjâ des,  
 60. Dhûm pare Mâmal ke maṛwe, de bator kunbâ sab  
khwes.

Dhûm pare Mâmal ke maṛwe, neotahre sab âwe.  
 Sâhû Sâlâr kaṛe sab ko pyâr daure majlis baiṭhâwe.  
 Hotâ râg, bâjâ sab bâje, gotin mangal gâwe.  
 Kare ṭa 'âm ṭayyâr Sayyid Sâlâr sabko khânâ khilâwe.  
 Wuhî sâ,at pîr â,e nakchânî, tab Mâmal shakkar  
 ghurâwe.

Koṛe koṛe ghaṛâ bhareñ sab sakhyâñ râhsat pânî lâwe.  
 Negî jogî bhikhû bhikhârî mângeñ dân so pâwe.  
 Sandal kî chaukî baiṭhe Pîr Bahâlim nâ,e kharâ nah-  
 lâwe.  
 Sîhrâ makhnâ bândhe chun chun kaprâ pahinâwe.  
 70. Bâr bâr dulhe ke ûpar Mâmal dân luṭâwe :

## BALLADE V.

Jab se Mâmal dân luṭâwe, rahas rahas kare bât :

“ Aj Gâjan dulhâ bane, mere yihî rahe munâjât ! ”

Sâje barât, khaṛe du,âr par, Lillî uṭhe ṭhanâ,e,

Sâtoñ bâjan bâjan lâge,—itne meñ Jâswâ â,e.

Le le nâm Pîr Bahlîm kâ, wuh dene lâgê dohâ,i,

Baiṭhe Gâjan bîch mâṛo meñ, Jâso pesh to â,e :

“ Merî sunleo 'araż gharaż, Pîr Bahlîm tab byâh ko  
jâ,e :

“ Râjâ Sohaldal garabh gomânî terî gayyâ beṭhe jâ,e

“ Gâjan kî dohâ, i mânat nâhîn Gwâl, nâ pare larâ,i ;

80. “ Mare jûjhe Gwâl, hû,e ghâyal, lohu meñ ga,e nâ-  
hâ,e ! ”

Jâswâ kâ ahwâl sun, hû,e jalâl, pîr uṭh â,e

Gâjan sang bhâ, e ṭayyâr, bândhâ teghâ talwâr, chhuṛi  
kaṭârî bhâlâ, sab haṭhyâr lagâ,e.

Itnî bât sunî Mayyâ Mâmal, tab Bâlâ ke pâs châlî â,i :

“ Tum mat jâ,o ran ko, lâṛe, tumheñ bare Bhâg se  
pâ,e.

“ Kyâ kahûñ ? samjhe tuhî eka hû nâ, Sohaldal râṛ  
machâ,e.

“ Mujhe dîn islâm kâ deo kâm ; mat roko, Mâmal  
mâ,e ! ”

## BALLADE VI.

Kahî Mayyâ Mâmal : “ Ran mat jâ, beṭâ, shâdî terî  
ṭhanî hai.

“ Tujhe Gâjan dulhâ banâ,ûñ, Sayyid 'Umar ghar  
dulhin 'ajab banî hai.

“ Chandwe ke tale baiṭho, Pîr Bahlîm, reshâm dor tanî  
hai.

90. " Gayyâ berh jâ,e ? jâne do ! tere ghar gayyâ kitnî hai.

" Dûdh bhât se thâl sañwârûñ, ghî shakkar sâñî hai :

" Tum khânâ khâ,o so,o sukh nindyâ, merî gharaz itnî hai."

Bâlâ dihâ dilâsâ Mâmal ko, aur kahâ bât jitnî hai :

" Râjâ Sohaldal garabh gomânî, wuh be-khabar abhi-mânî hai.

" Guzar balihâr hûâ ; mujh par golî tegh hânî hai.

" Kharî Jâswâ 'araż kare, wuh qalaq kartî hai.

" Gayyâ guhâr kaise nâ lâgûñ, kaun shauq apnî hai ?

" Gharî ek dekho, Mayyâ Mâmal, âkhir fanâ fânî hai.

" Jo âyâ, so ko,î nâ rahe ;—kul kâ mâlik, Maulâ ! âp dhanî hai."

### BALLADE VII.

100. Ro ro Mâmal sar dhunî aur tan meñ lâge âg :

" Ghâzî merâ ran ko chalâ!—phûtî ham'râ bhâg."

Tuk jhuke ânkh, khwâb ek dekhâ, Balâ chauñk uñh jâgâ.

Sûpne meñ bhed kiyâ sab ma'lûm gayyâ guhâr ; uñh jâgâ.

Sîhrâ makhnâ cher, bandhâ pherâ juṛwâ kâ ; Lillî pîth charhe Bahlîm rukhsat Ammâ se mânîgâ :

" Tum dûdh bakhsh do, Ammâ, mere leo khol kañghan kâ dhâgâ."

" Bakhshâ Rab ko, beṭâ, tumko, ab ranko tum ja,e gâ."

Sattar Sâlâr ghoṛe hû,e aswâr, aur Bîrahnâ sang meñ lâgâ ;

Barâ bâñkâ bhâ,e âgû, bâjâ khûb bâjâ.

110. Lillî par se lalkâre Pîr Bahlîm : " Râjâ, khaṛâ rahegâ ! "

“ Maiñ khinchûñ tegh, ghârat kardâlûñ, dîn nabî kâ bâhegâ.

“ Kitne râo, pârâ kar â,e, Râjâ Sohaldal se bhâg nikal gayâ.”

### BALLADE VIII.

Safe jang meñ kiyâ hai ɭerâ, hote fajar Sohalâ ko gherâ;

Uke jûm ga,e sauj, râo batore, sajje Sohaldal bhâre.

Bâlâ Sayyid Sâlâr kihâ sabko aswâr, chârh daure aswâre.

Dekhâ maidân, lâgâ chhuṭne bân, donoñ sauj bhâ,e thârhe.

Zuhrâ Saidânî, âgam jâne, wuh kare lâgî lâchârî.

Tapke âñsû Zuhrâ ko samjhâweñ gotin sârî.

Sunker â,e Sayyid 'Umar wuh karne lâge dildârî :

120. “ Kyâ, dukh dard pañâ tujh par ; batlâ do, meri pyârî !

“ Râjâ Sohaldal se pârî larâ,î ; mâr chamkat hai chhuřî katârî.

“ Mere lauṭe bhag, daras dekhûñ Bahlîm ; phir gâ,ûñ torî balihârî.

“ Tum kâhe ko shâdî thâno, 'Umar, main phir bârî kî bârî.”

### BALLADE IX.

Sayyid Sâlâr, Lillî aswâr, ran meñ tayyâr,

Idhar udhar se jâke, dekho, so chamak rahe talwâr :

Safe jang meñ pahunche jâ,e hotî larâ,î log dekh dekh ghabrâtâ,

Faujoñ kâ rel ɭhel, ghoroñ kâ hâthî udhar hâl khâtâ.

Tîr tufang barse ran bhîtar, jyoñ bâdal jharyâtâ,

Chhuřî katârî tegh teghâ chamke gole golâ jharrâtâ.

130. Lillî aswâr, hâth jhûme talwâr, laqtâ dulhâ sang Sattar  
Sâlâr, lâgî honî mâr, pîr sagroñ dal tharrâtâ.

Bhârî talwâr bândhe Palihâr jab ran ke bîch hal jâtâ,

Kare ek wâr, girâ, eñ ka, i hazâr ; wâke fauj barâtâ.

Lihe loh langar lare Birahnâ, wâke âge sahwen nâhîn  
âtâ.

Bhâge phereñ, hâth nâhîn âweñ, ghâo badan nâhîn  
khâtâ.

Khaiñch loh langar Birahnâ Râjâ Sohaldal, girâ  
garab hâ mâtâ.

Jab hû, a fatâ, naubat lâgî jhañne, tab dulhâ hulsâtâ :

Gawâ Sohalwâle lihâ lût, Bâlâ gayyâ pherjâtâ.

Jab lâgî dhûp—rahâ Jeñh mahînâ,—Gâjan rang bhînâ ;  
lâgâ chûne pasînâ ; ek darakht tale chhâñtâ :

Likhâ taqdîr kâ yihî rahâ : “ Ek tîr ghaib se lâge pîr  
ke, tab dulhâ murjhâta.”

140. Hû, e Shahîd, gire Pîr Bahlîm ; Bâbâ Birahnâ lihâ god  
meñ, ro ro bil khâtâ.

Ihî sunâ Zuhîrâ, sar pîte lâgî, ro, i Mâmal din râtâ.

Garh Bahraich baiñhe jâ, e, jahâñ log tamâshâ jâtâ.

As murâd sabke lâgâ purwe—Kyoñ sewak ghabrâtâ ?

Andhâ pâwe ânkh, koñhî pâwe kâjâ, bâñjhin god  
khilâtâ.

An dhan Lachhmî dilâhe Pîr Bahlîm, raho janambhar  
khâtâ !

*Inscription :*

Mere Gurû Shâh Muhammad, sher-şûrat, jih mohe  
gyâñ dilâtâ.

Khûshîhâl Bañs, ise jih gâwe, merâ dukh sankat  
hatjâtâ.

Dusri dafa'a dekhûñ Darbâr, merâ man râhjâtâ,

149. Rauze ke ûpar lagâ bhaurâ, lahar lahar lahrâtâ.

*BALLADE I.*

Then indeed was Mâmal's home brightened, when such a son as the Warrior was born unto her.

For he cut down unbelief, and into faith he turned it, till fled was every god and demon :

While the Warrior Saint, that was to be a mighty captain, was yet a babe, guileless and of all petted.

Mâmal would ever fondle him (and say): " 'Twas the Living Saint that granted thee unto me."

(So now) she implored Sâhû Sâlâr, saying ; " Much thanks will I owe thee,

" If thou will prepare the wedding, (whereby) will be put aside the bodings of my heart."

Yet even as he prepared the wedding, her heart was filled with (fresh) bodings ; (for she thought) ; " Erewhile the Warrior was not. Now he is mine.

" Dreary was the world, and to gain a child I suffered divers sorrows.

" All for my womb was I afflicted, and I wandered through the realm to all four quarters.

10. " I prayed unto saints and friars and men of God, whom from place to place I sought.

" Thus as I roamed to all four quarters, I came unto Ajmîr, where the Prophet hath a tomb.

" There did I bow my head, and call on the name of the Prophet and beseech him, saying ; ' For the lack of but one child all this world is dark unto me.'

" Straightway from the shrine did I receive answer ; ' Back to thy home, Mâmal ! for herein I have no power.'

" Shattered was my hope, and hopeless I departed : but the nun Jamunâ bade me return.

“ She comforted me, saying ; ‘ Verily, thy hope shall be fulfilled, Mâmal, for divers are the ways of the Lord.’

“ So I kissed the threshold of the Living Saint, my tresses swept his shrine, both morning and evening :

“ For forty days did I fast upon the King of Kings ; and for many a day I sought after him :

“ Wondrous, I ween, are the pranks of the Lord ; yet His power streameth as a torrent, whereon no boat or raft can live.

“ Then unto me the Living Saint vouchsafed (in a vision) these glad tidings ; ‘ Be stout of heart ! dive in, Mâmal, and clutch into thy grasp. Diamonds and pearls and rubies shalt thou gain, whatsoever thy heart desireth.’

20. “ I bowed my head. Into the water I thrust mine hand, Then broke the dawn of my hope.

“ But this was the hest of the Living Saint unto me : ‘ Bathe, Mâmal, and visit me at the matin pilgrimage ! ’

“ By the promptings of the Evil One I was heavy with sleep : and I slumbered on with my (new-born) child, till the matin pilgrimage was over.

“ My eyes closed. I saw a dream. Shepherds came and taunted me, saying :

“ ‘ On his wedding-day shall the Chief become a martyr, as he leadeth his host to the onset ! ’

“ This was my fault. Of my promise was I forgetful. An evil day awaiteth me.

“ Ever since, with throbbing heart, have I peered into the future ; and that day and that hour is at hand :

“ Unto Sayyid 'Umar's household send thou the greeting—a truce now to all delay ! ”

Then outspake Sâhû Sâlâr ; " Mâmal, be thou of good cheer. In a lucky hour hast thou spoken.

" Many a day have anxious thoughts beset me (for the hour) when the Warrior shall don the wedding chaplet."

*BALLADE II.*

30. Unto Sâhû Sâlâr quoth mother Mâmal ; " Give ear unto my words.

" To Sayyid 'Umar's household send thy greeting. Even now make ready for the wedding."

Unto Sâhû Sâlâr quoth mother Mâmal ; " Call in a Brahman speedily."

So he sent forth a messenger, and called in a Brahman, unto whom, as he took his seat, he gave a charger of rice to hold, saying :

" Unfold thy scroll and con it, good Brahman, withal looking to the ways of the Holy Writ."

Then 'gan the shrewd Brahman to count and reckon, and he tested the months.

" In the month of June," he spake, " the day had fallen on the Sabbath. Make ready thy procession. Send forth (unto the bride's father) nuptial garments and sweetmeats.

" These tidings of gladness do thou announce in the house of Sayyid 'Umar and claim thy signet and kerchief."

Yet in the oracle did this mystic word appear ; and soon was the presage to be fulfilled :

" On the day, whereon the Warrior shall come to his wedding, there shall befall an affray : for a mighty host shall arise, darksome as a storm-cloud.

40. " Mighty men of valour shall bear wounds, and shall bid flow the hearts' blood of their foemen.

‘ The Warrior shall bare his brand ; and many a man shall fall a corse ; and as they fall, light shall break through the ranks of battle.’

In the oracle did this mystic word appear, and soon was the presage to be fulfilled.

Whatsoever doth the Holy Writ declare, is such that upon its pure nature there is not a blot.

Whatsoever the Disposer hath inscribed, shall not budge by the span of a fly : and never shall the words of the Writ be empty.

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*BALLADE III.*

All thoughts of care did Mâmal coax out of her heart.

She 'gan fulfil each rite and usage, and anointed her son with turmeric.

Then spake mother Mâmal ; “ Bestir yourselves ! whatsoever is ordained, let it come to pass.

“ Let me but look upon the meeting of the Saint with his bride, whether the Almighty shall preserve or destroy him !”

Then each time that she gazed upon the Saint, Mâmal would laugh and weep :

50. And then again she would take heart and would wash her face in water.

Her top-knot she unloosed, and comforted her soul, saying ; “ Every diamond and pearl that I strung in these my locks,

“ All will I scatter forth in the name of the Warrior, and on a fallow field will I have them sown.

“ And then, when a harvest shall spring up of wealth and splendour, the Warrior shall rejoice, and shall follow whithersoever my hope guideth.”

The fairest blossoms of the wood-apple picked the gardener's wife, and with rose-water she moistened them.

And she set them before the Warrior, and the Warrior rejoiced in the blossom of the wood-apple.

A throng of damsels waved a fan above him, and the Warrior sank into a peaceful slumber :

While in the house of Sayyid 'Umar sat Queen Zuhrah, watching for the Warrior :

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#### *BALLADE IV.*

Many a summons to the feast did Mâmal write and send. The tidings spread throughout the realm.

The noise of pomp rang through Mâmal's marriage pavilion, and collected all her clan and brotherhood.

60. The noise of pomp rang through Mâmal's marriage pavilion, and all the guests arrived.

Each one did Sâhû Sâlâr welcome, as he ran forward to seat them in his assembly.

Then arose songs, and every instrument sounded ; and the women of the household sang wedding strains.

Food prepared Sayyid Sâlâr, and everyone he feasted.

In that hour the Saint drew nigh ; then Mâmal bade them mix sherbet.

Unhanselled ewers did the damsels fill, and joyfully brought they water.

Whatsoever gift craved fee-claimants and friars and beggars, that did they obtain.

A barber stood up and bathed Saint Bahlîm as he sat on a settle of sandal-wood.

The wedding chaplet and the veil of flowers (did the barber) bind ; and he crimped the apparel ere he donned it on him.

Again and again, in honour of the bridegroom, did Mâmal suffer the throng to scramble for largess.

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*BALLADE V.*

70. Whensoever Mâmal suffered the throng to scramble for largess, joyfully she spake :

“ To-day my Warrior is a bridegroom ; and this is all I ever prayed.”

When ready stood the procession at the portals  
Lilli lifted up her voice and neighed,

Out rang the seven instruments — At that moment Jâsû appeared.

Again and again by name she called Saint Bahlîm  
and raised the cry for justice.

As the Warrior sat in the marriage pavilion, Jâsû approached him (saying) ;

“ First hear my prayer, Saint Bahlîm, then hie thee to thy nuptials.

“ King Sohaldal, in pride and insolence, hath carried off thy kine.

“ Had not the herdsmen raised the cry of the Warrior to the rescue ! there had been no foray,

“ But slaughtered fell all the herdsmen, bearing wounds and bathed in gore.”

80. Hearing Jâsû’s story, in anger the Warrior uprose.

At her side he stood prepared ; he girded on his glaive and his poignard and his lance, and all his weapons.

Hearing these tidings, Mâmal approached the Master, saying :

“ Do thou not hie thee to the fray, my child ! 'twas but by the great favour of heaven that thou wast granted to me.”

“ What shall I say ? ” (replied the Warrior), “ never a word wouldest thou understand. Sohaldal hath provoked a fray.

“ Give me to toil for faith and truth ! hinder me not, mother Mâmal.”

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*BALLADE VI.*

Quoth mother Mâmal ; “ Hie thee not to the fray, my son, thy wedding is appointed.

“ Of thee, my Warrior, do I make a bridegroom ; and in the mansion of Sayyid 'Umar is the bride decked in wondrous wise.

“ Beneath the wedding pavilion do thou sit, Saint Bahlîm ; the silken thread is tied.

“ Have kine been stolen ? Well, let them go ! in thy house how many kine ?

90. “ Of milk and rice will I dress thee a dish, wherein butter and sugar are mingled.

“ Do thou eat and sleep in peaceful slumber. This and no more is my prayer.”

The Master comforted Mâmal, and spake unto her the whole matter, saying :

“ King Sohaldal, in his pride and his arrogance, is drunk with vanity.

“Done is the bloody sacrifice ; but 'tis as though a sling-stone or a glaive had smitten me.

“Jâsû stands imploring me. Look ! yonder is she lamenting.

“When the cry of rescue the cow ! is raised, how shall I refuse to answer it ? What then should I care for my life ?

“Wait but an hour, mother Mâmal ! after all, every man must die :

“Whoso cometh, none abideth; of all, Lord, thou art the Master.”

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*BALLADE VII.*

With many a tear Mâmal beat her brow, and through her heart raged fire :

100. “My Warrior,” she cried, “hath hied him to the fray, and my fortune is shattered.”

For a space the Master closed his eyes, and he saw a vision, and straightway started wide-awake ;

For in his dream he divined all the secret of the cry to the rescue of the cow. Then he awoke.

The wedding chaplet and the veil of flowers he tore, and tied the plait of his top-knot; and mounting upon Lilli's back, Bahlîm took leave of his mother, saying :

“Bid me be worthy the milk I cost thee, mother. Unloose the thread of my nuptial bracelet and take it away.”

“To God have I commended thee, my son” (quoth Mâmal), “now shalt thou hie thee to the fray.”

Seventy chiefs mounted upon their chargers, and Birahnâ attended them.

Gallant, I trow, was the host that advanced, and  
proud the strains that sounded.

From Lilli's back cried Saint Bahlim ; "Tarry, sir  
King !

"I would draw my sword, and destroy thee, and  
the faith of the Prophet shall be advanced.

110. "Till now each prince that came in turn, hath fled  
from King Sohaldal."

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*BALLADE VIII.*

In the very ranks of the fray the Saint pitched his  
pavilion,—at earliest daybreak he encompassed  
Sohal.

*His* hosts, too, gathered ; and his princes rallied, and  
armies of Sohal filled the plain.

The Master Sayyid Sâlár mounted all his hench-  
men, and, vaulting into the saddle, charged to  
the onset.

They saw the field, and shafts 'gan loose and both  
armies closed.

Then Zuhrà, daughter of the Sayyid, foreseeing  
the future, 'gan lament :

As her tears fell, all the women of the homestead  
comforted Zuhrà :

Hearing these tidings came Sayyid 'Umar and  
began to solace her, saying :

"What sorrow and anguish hath befallen thee, tell  
me, my sweet one ! "

"With King Sohaldal," sobbed Zuhrà, "a fray  
hath befallen, and dagger and poignard glitter to  
the stroke.

120. "Then will my fortune return, when once again I shall see my Bahlîm ; then again will I offer thee a song of thanksgiving.

"Why dost thou appoint my wedding, 'Umar ?  
A barren stock was I, and a barren stock I remain."

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*BALLADE IX.*

Then Sayyid Sâlâr, mounted upon Lillî, ready for the fray,

Hither and thither speeding, see ! ever flasheth his brand.

In the ranks of the battle he entered as raged the tussle : all were bewildered as they gazed.

Whole hosts fell back disordered, and elephants fared no better than horses.

Shaft and musquet-ball showered, as a thunder-cloud raineth.

Daggers and poignards, glaives and brands glittered, and sling-stones showered.

As mounted upon Lillî, he brandished his blade, with the bridegroom fought seventy chieftains ; and so the fray opened, while the Saint terrified every heart.

Girt with a mighty brand, as Palihâr entered the fray,

130. At one onset he overthrew his thousands, and the foemen's host was terrified.

With his friar's chain in his hand, battled Birahna and none confronted him.

They turned and fled beyond his reach, and none braved even a wound :

One blow from Birahnâ's chain ! then fell Sohaldal,  
erewhile drunk with pride.

When won the triumph, the clarions sounded, and  
then was the bridegroom glad of heart.

Every cow, that Sohal's henchmen had plundered,  
did the Master lead homewards.

When the sun 'gan glare—for it was the month of  
June—the Warrior flushed and sweat 'gan trickle,  
and beneath a tree he sought shade.

In his fate thus was it written ; " When a shaft  
from the unseen shall strike the Saint, then shall  
the bridegroom pass away like a flower."

So Saint Bahlîm fell martyred. Father Birahnâ  
took him to his bosom and wept and sorrowed.

When Zuhrâ heard these tidings, she 'gan beat her  
brow and Mâmal wept day and night.

140. In Bahraich he laid him down to rest, where his  
tomb the pilgrims visit.

The hope and desire of all he 'gan fulfil—Say,  
why should his worshipper be fearful ?

The blind gaineth eyes ; the leper gaineth limbs ;  
and barren women suckle babes at their breasts.

Full garners and wealth and fortune granteth Saint  
Bahlîm, enjoy thyself while life remaineth.

*Inscription :*

My guide Shah Muhammad, of the lion mien, un-  
folded the cunning of this strain,

If Khûshihâl Bañs sing it, all my woe and sorrow  
ceaseth :

If once more I could gaze upon the shrine, then  
were all my desires fulfilled,

147. With the bumble-bee above its dome, quivering—  
quivering—quivering !



